

# CAVALCADE

A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a sandy beach. She is wearing a yellow two-piece bikini. A pink towel is partially visible under her. The background shows green foliage and a clear sky.

June 1/3

Approved at the BUREAU of Censorship by and in accordance with the provisions of the Censorship Act of 1934.

## ***Dream of Murder***

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## **who are The Real Spies?**

— Page 116



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# Cavalcade

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# FANTASTIC FATES OF siamese twins



How do these unfortunate, chained eternally together, manage to shape themselves a life?

ONLY a few months ago, they died in Tanzania, two babies who had been born Siamese twins . . . joined head to head.

If they had survived, their lot in life would have been frustrated and miserable beyond belief.

Though there have been Siamese twins who have made a compromise with the world, consider what the

lot of any Siamese twins must be.

In the United States, a few years ago a vicious criminal was being given a train ride to a distant prison. Orders were that he had to be handcuffed to a guard every minute.

After two days on the train, he turned on the guard and began pounding him with his fists, at the same time trying desperately to climb out of the train window.

When he was finally subdued, the outraged guard turned on him and asked why he had tried such a foolish thing. And the killer, who had accidentally murdered four men, broke down and sobbed: "I can't stand it being tied to you every minute, like a dog . . . every once I make . . ."

The hardened desperado had once been a clerk after being bound to another man for a mere 48 hours!

If this is what can happen to a "harmed" person after such a short time, think how it must feel to be eternally bound to someone else for your whole life—as one Siamese Twin is to another!

Few of us can deny that we think we'd probably go berserk under these conditions, and we wonder how it must feel to be in such a predicament.

Oddly enough, several pairs of Siamese twins have said they didn't mind their condition one bit. They further declared they wouldn't change—even if they could. Last you think this is just some crap, let's take a look at the famed Gelfing brothers.

These boys, Luetia and Simplice, were born of high-caste Pignos parents. Soon after birth they were adopted by a millionaire, who brought them up in an atmosphere of luxury and culture. They were never made to feel they were freaks, and were urged to participate in everything, including sports. They were good swimmers, golfers and, at tennis in particular, were hard to beat.

As for marriage, the good-looking twins liked girls and simply took it for granted that they'd someday hear wedding bells. And they did, when they respectively met and married two school teachers. After their honeymoons, they told reporters they'd had a delightful trip. As for their being tied together, that had been no

trouble at all—had quite the contrary, since all four liked one another and got along just fine together.

At the age of 28, Luetia got pneumonia, and now lay in a hospital bed, shortly 29, with Simplice lying completely well next to him. One night Simplice woke up with a feeling that he could not describe. "I was drowning," he said, "when suddenly a man came over me. I can't describe it . . . I leaned over to speak to Luetia about it. In frustration, I knocked against his body. It was odd. Luetia was dead."

The death made it necessary for an operation to be performed, to separate the twins. With the aid of plastic surgery, it was successful. Then for ten days Simplice lay in bed, needing encouragement to live with.

But on the eleventh day he died.

In other words Simplice did not want to go on living without his Siamese twin brother.

The more-than-physical bond that usually binds Siamese twins together is even more vividly shown in the case of the "Biddenden Maids." These girls, Eliza and Mary Chalkhurst, got their makeovers from the fact that they were born in Biddenden, England. All through their lives, doctors kept telling them that no vital organs were involved in their connecting tissues—but again and again the girls refused to be separated.

When one finally died, at the age of 24, the living twin still refused to be parted from her companion. "As we came together," she said, "as we shall also go together." She died one hour after her sister.

Actually, you might say, such undying love and devotion must exist between Siamese twins—otherwise their lives would be completely miserable. But there was at least one

pair that had disagreements—and still lived to a ripe old age.

These were the "originals" Sammie Jones, Chang and Eng. Although they were Chinese by descent, they were born, in 1811, in Siam.

At their birth, Chang and Eng were almost put to death by order of the King of Siam, a superstitious monarch who feared and would come from the "little monsters." But they escaped that cruel fate and grew up to be very athletic young men. One day as they were swimming around a pond in the harbor, they were spotted by a Yankee sea captain. They told the sympathetic seaman how badly they were treated in Siam, and he let them run away by showing them aboard his vessel.

Chang and Eng travelled all around the world with this fellow, and simply by showing themselves to curious people, managed to make and save a lot of money. After a while P. T. Barnum heard of them, and they joined his list of circus attractions.

Eventually they retired from circus life at the age of 44. They were wealthy men by then (having a joint bank account) and they went to North Carolina, where they settled down and married the two daughters of a clergyman. Eng fathered 11 children, while Chang had a step-brother like with only 10. They'd been on the best of terms up to this time—but now their troubles began.

Their wives fought. And how they fought! It got to bad that the men had to build two houses, one for each wife. Every three days the wives moved from one house to the other.

Drinking wives weren't their only source of trouble, either. Chang took a liking to bottled spirits—and because spirits a drinker! Eng not only feared this would undermine their

mental health, but he also suffered from Chang's hangovers. The women soon grew so suspicious that the two men weren't on speaking terms.

It was Eng who died first. And it was the poison from his body that killed his liquor-loving twin an hour later.

In the last ten years, about half a dozen operations have proven successful in separating Siamese twins — for as at least one twin was concerned, anyway.

Strange as it might seem, Siamese twins have often led far happier lives — joined together — than they would have if separated. One of the reasons for this is that they find it so easy to make a very good living, because the public pays huge amounts to see Siamese twins in person.

The famous Hilton sisters, for example, made as much as \$300 a week. And—far from being wall-flowers—they were expected to be married many more times than any average good-looking girl. And all their suitors were handsome men, too.

The twins received a fine education, became good musicians and dancers, and were always in demand as entertainers.

Like all teenagers, the girls had chafed on headstrong men—Daisy adored Rudy Yellow—and they dreamed of love and romance. As they blossomed forth into attractive womanhood, they received many gifts and much love from admirers.

Violat despised "dicks" and blarney from a famed guitar player of the time, who seemed to love Daisy but had never been allowed alone with her. "When Don Galvan came to visit my sister," Violat said, "he just stood there looking at her, and a big birth ran through both of us. At that time, I had not yet learned how to walk, and I was immune to my sister's emotions. Later on we both

acquired the ability to blink out the other in romantic moments.

"That was, however, our first real-life romance, and it introduced both of us. I was so nervous for my entry to experience her first kiss as she was herself. . . . Then Don told me his arms to Daisy—and found her on the floor!"

Eventually this engagement was broken off because Don wanted Daisy to give up show business and go to Mexico to live with him—but Daisy didn't think it would be fair to make Violat go to Mexico too.

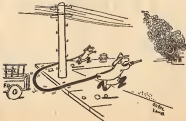
Don was only the first of many romances for the girls. One of Violat's boy friends gave up in frustration when El states refused to grant him a marriage license on the grounds that marrying a Siamese twin was "contrary to morals."

Daisy broke off one of her engagements because she noticed that her boyfriend conducted most of their conversations via the telephone. And when he proposed in the same way, she felt sure he was too shy.

Eventually each girl did get married, though. Violat married Jimmy Moore, an architect, and Daisy walked in the altar with Harold Esop, a member of congress. After Violat's wedding, which was conducted in the great Texas Cotton Bowl, she was pestered with embarrassing questions about her love life.

She would tell reporters, without any hesitations: "It is merely a matter of psychology. When the proper time comes for it, Daisy and I just get rid of each other—eventually."

Daisy's husband, Harold Esop, couldn't quite get himself to really blink out Violat, however. And ten days after the marriage the girls woke up one morning to find Harold gone. When Daisy sued for divorce on grounds of desertion, Esop admitted the charges, and said he could hardly be blamed under the circumstances. There were times in a man's life, he added, when you can't quite get used to having someone else around—especially a twin bride.



A grotesque fate awaits those who are unwise enough to pluck the flower of evil



## Flower of VENGEANCE

WAYNE D. MOSE

AMONG the black, superstition-ridden jungles of darkest Africa, in a land greener than any hell on earth, grows the Endia, the most wicked flower in existence. Hundreds of natives have died because of its cure. And it has caused suffering to thousands of others. To destroy the Endia is to destroy the most sacred object in the African land of Dahomy. A traitorous death awaits anyone found guilty of picking or molesting the flower.

Not even the member sweet of the "leopard man" (those ghastly men-stern clad in the skins of their totemic beast, who with claws of tempered steel slay by tearing at the throats of their victims; not all the horrors of witchcraft and voodoo; not the unspeakable tortures and the unpardonable barbarities which the savage mind has devised to keep the slaves within the limits of the wild) are held in greater fear by the Dahomians than this flower.

Other trees in other lands have a reputation for malignity (and even different) evil; but the Endia outshines them all.

Physically, the Endia is almost supernatural looking. Its color is purplish-brown, which adds to its eerie appearance. From the center of it wave long, silky hairs covered with a sticky substance that serves to trap the insects on which the flower gets its food for growth. It is called the cursed flower by white people who live in Africa. The Endia grows on a tree whose dark woods itself around huge trees in the darkest part of the jungle.

The natives of Dahomy worship the Endia, even above the voodooism makes that they keep in their temples of idols. And they will kill in order to protect it. A peculiar fate awaited one man who didn't respect the natives' superstition regarding the flower.

He was a young man by the name of Henry Evans-Thorne. He came from London to take a job as chief clerk for a sugar plantation in Dahomy. But when Evans-Thorne arrived in Dahomy he found no sugar factory. He found only the remnants of where one had once been. Instead, his boss, a man named Thorn-dyke, was engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Thorn-dyke pampered and adored by the superstitions of the natives and had them believing he was a man of great power and influence. And when trouble threatened, Thorn-dyke usually had a way of quelling it . . . either by marrying a daughter of one of the chiefs, or by invention, suborn and beat talk.

Evans-Thorne, being a soldier of fortune himself, saw the opportunities that awaited him if he played along. So he fell wholeheartedly into the slave trading business. Anyway, it

was far more money that he could ever make shuffling among teams of papers in an office back in London.

It was the humid season in Africa, and the wet heat was almost unbearable for everybody. Evans-Thorne could stand the heat, but the insects that came with it were too much for him. He tried every way he knew to rid his quarters of the miserable creatures, but everything he did was in vain. His nights became agony, and he was desperate for some kind of relief.

One day he was out in the jungle with his Koro native boy when he spotted an Endia flower. He saw the insects that were attracted to the flower, then trapped on the sticky hairs in the center. That was the answer. With several of those in his room, he wouldn't have to worry about mosquitoes any more.

The Koro boy pleaded with Evans-Thorne, explained to him about the sacred flower and the penalty for molesting it. But the Englishman would hear none of it. Superstitions were silly nonsense to him. Why should he comply with native superstition, when the flowers would be a great convenience to him? The Koro boy's eyes were wide with fright as Evans-Thorne began picking the flowers and putting them into a sack. Then the boy turned and ran into the jungle as if the devil was after him.

That afternoon Evans-Thorne displayed the Endia flowers about his room. The purplish-brown blossoms were a nuisance. They served the purpose completely. That night the young man got the first complete night's sleep he had had since he arrived in Africa. And he wondered why nobody had discovered that the Endia flower was the answer to Africa's insect problem.

Two nights later, Evans-Thorne

# VIRTUE AND VERMICE

She was coy, demure and shy;  
 led the trouble in her eye;  
 gave wistful smiles a very  
 liquid shiver,  
 all the speed (bereft of  
 speech)

other passions picked up on  
 the beach—

which was when the mine  
 became a little louder.

JAY-PAT

heard the loud clatterings of the natives of the village and saw their houses. It was the first time he had seen such a spectacle. He wondered what the occasion was. While he was as he bent partly watching the natives, Theradyke, his employer, came rushing up to him. Theradyke was excited and almost pushed Evans-Thomson into the house.

"My God, man," Theradyke exclaimed, "do you realize what you've done?"

"I haven't done anything that I know of," the Englishman said, bewildered.

"Those darn flowers," Theradyke said, pointing about the room. "Those flowers are what the trouble's about. Why do you have to pick those Those flowers are sacred to the natives. They're out to get you because of those flowers, and there's nothing I can do for you."

Then Theradyke placed a rope of plaited palm leaves around the fireplace and clock's neck. "That'll protect you for a while. Only the head priest

can take it off. But after that . . . Theradyke turned and hurriedly left Evans-Thomson's quarters.

It wasn't long before the hundred-odd natives came for Evans-Thomson. He made no effort to resist them. The head chief came forward and took the rope of plaited palm leaves from around the peasant man's neck and made a motion with his hand. Several bulky natives forced Evans-Thomson at spearpoint in the direction of the temple.

They marched him to a room of the temple and shoved him inside. Evans-Thomson knew cold fear for the first time in his life. Above him and under his feet he could hear the soft rattling and the angry hissing noises of the sacred but venomous snakes that were kept there for religious rites. And in the dim light he could see their deadly eyes looking down at him, snapping lips out. He screamed and then danced wildly about the room, trying to get away from the snakes. But they were everywhere he went. The room was filled with snakes.

Suddenly, he rushed through the doorway and fell at the feet of the guard who tried to hold him in the room. Then at that moment the Viceroy, Theradyke, and the other white men of the village appeared. The Viceroy pleaded for the white man's life. The head chief and the other chiefs went into consultation.

They decided that they would allow the white man's sentence. Evans-Thomson was taken to a clearing in the jungle. The natives dug a pit and filled it with dry weeds. While this was going on, Theradyke edged closer to the young clerk and told him about the water hole one hundred yards to the south . . . that the natives would tell him to run for water.

The white man, stripped of his clothes, was placed in the pit and the weeds were lighted with a torch. Flames leaped up around Evans-Thomson's flesh. He was given the command by the head chief to run in the direction of water. The river was a half mile to the north, and it would have meant sure death for the Englishman had Theradyke not told him of the waterhole close by. The naked man ran with all his strength. Natives were close on his heels, howling him with clubs and shaking at him with long knives. Some stood by and

threw stones at his running figure in the darkness.

Evans-Thomson reached the waterhole and jumped in. The natives scowled their disappointment and kept brandishing their weapons, but the head chief intervened. The clerk was the first man, black or white, to survive the firepit treatment and the snake treatment.

Evans-Thomson stayed in the slave houses in the land of Dahomey in Africa for many years after the night of his weird sentence, but he never at any time picked up Madam Africa's flower of verisimilitude.



Hereditary's last chance to thrust its nose  
at the rest of the world and its agents.

WILLIAM BENNELONG



## THE WILFUL WAY OF WILLS

BREKKE taxi-driver, Jack Munton, a retired Englishman, has made a will leaving his fortune to be shared by six illegitimate children born in Queensland on the day of his death. To forestall possible legal difficulties, he obtained certificates from two doctors testifying to his sanity at the time of making the will.

"You mean young people, illegitimate through no fault of their own," he said. "Kicked from pillar to post. Perhaps I will be able to help some of them to a better start."

Munton's will is certainly original, but hardly very unorthodox: then hundreds of wills in which people have rewarded friends, paid off old scores and expressed the old interests and intimate tastes of human personality.

A will is a man's last chance to thumb his nose at the world—without the fear of being answered back.

It must have been with very satisfaction that Ann Brewster, an old English lady, who lived in town and town, anticipated the feelings of her acquaintances when they heard her will for those who seemed best in life. She left gifts of \$100 each to fifty people who had shown her kindnesses, like the flower-seller who had pressed a shilling into her hand one day. To her neighbors who passed her by, she left—nothing.

There are many like her in seemingly humble circumstances who leave valuable and solid wills. A London bookbinder, Mark Lewis, who rented a small back room for thirty years at 4/11 a week, died last year and left \$100 each to ten blind girls and ten blind boys and \$200 to two hospitals.

Even more surprising than the unexpected people who do make good and solid wills are some who don't. Judges and eminent lawyers of all people have often turned out to be makers of troublesome wills.

Mr. Justice John Rogers and one New South Wales Magistrate of Presbyterians died without leaving wills, and numbers of prominent legal men have not made a will . . . not through neglect, but because they believed it unnecessary. The late Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Frederick Jordan, left a will which proved to be faulty. He drew it up himself when he was one of Sydney's leading probate and equity lawyers.

The main contrivance necessary to

make a will valid is that it be signed in the presence of two witnesses. There is no special form required. The will of Harold Douglas, who disappeared in 1943 with two companions in a launch between La Perouse and Port Macquarie, was washed ashore near Gifford (N.S.W.) in 1945. It was written on a blank cheque form.

Early this year, a Mrs. Moore (Glasgow) judge declared valid a will written on a gas running score card during a game and witnessed by two players. It is not even necessary that the individual in himself under a will be a human being . . . large sums of money are frequently left to birds and animals.

Bob Elton, a 24-year-old parrot, was the sole beneficiary in February this year under the will of retired Detroit policeman, George Harb. The policeman left the whole of his \$9,000 dollar estate to the parrot who, he said, "is the only friend I have; he deserves every penny I'm giving him."

In the same month, an Ashfield (N.S.W.) contractor willed his dogs five shillings a week each for life from his \$14,500 estate. He directed that a guardian be appointed to care for his dogs who would receive \$200 when they had all died.

Bugnet bequeathed to an animal was probably the \$20,000 which a New York lawyer left to his tiger cat.

The special conditions and instructions attached to some bequests can prove quite an embarrassment to executors and applicants. A recent bequest to needy people in the parish of Leekham (Kent) put the white-haired vicar in a spot. The will ordained that the charity was to be dispensed "in red flannel petticoats."

One man was left a legacy on condition that he never read a newspaper, while another was left \$20,000 to be dispersed which he had to

**B**ELIEVE it or not, the housing problem has caught up with Betty Davis. Betty acquired a fourth husband, Gerry Merrill at Jones (Mexico) on a quince anniversary a few hours after Gerry had obtained a divorce. After the happy event, there arose the even happier question of the honeymoon. Alarm and instant despair? Betty's Laguna Beach home (which she had shared with Husband No. 3, William Grant Cherry) was not conducive to care-free honeymoon. Betty's Tahiti Lake honeymoon was—if anything—worse. (You can see Warner Bros. studio any sunny day.) and honeymooners don't like that sort of work! Then Betty's New Hampshire farm provided the last straw (no pun intended). She had sent her furniture to Hollywood. The couple eventually rented a Massachusetts cottage.

— From "Photoplay," the world's first motion picture magazine.

ship himself in his life-work, singing).

An English farmer during the war was bequeathed a Land Army girl £15 on condition that she married his son; and an 81-year-old ex-stockbroker left his wife £250 . . . as a wedding present if she re-married.

A man has been a student of medicine and dentistry at Edinburgh University for 15 years because his father's will provided him with an income of £200 a year (no living in his room as a student). The "student" was quite happy with his lot until British dentists' incomes began to soar under the National Health Scheme. "My allowance from my parents' will and the money I could earn from my spare-time work as a dental mechanic was good enough to make me live an enjoyable life among the students," he said recently. "But a dental practice seems to mean a grueling living, and that seems a better fate than being one of the boys." So he has decided to join his countrymen, renounce his studentship and his begonia and become a rich dentist.

One of the richest wills of recent years was that of Lord Milford, famous English stockexchange speculator, who was drowned this year. He tried for years to win the Great National but could do no better than third in Chesham in 1945. In his £1,000,000 will he bequeathed the grand as to his garden, Edward Court, 15, one of his towers. The will provides that the boy "shall have every opportunity of developing into a stockexchange ruler" and leaves him £25,000 and 15 horses to help him follow Lord Milford's ambition.

A 49-year-old San Francisco wharf-laborer who died last year left all his estate, valued at £200, to film star Ann Sheridan. The beautifully-penned will, written in 1947, was addressed to "My beloved Ann Sheridan, The Picture Star, and No One Else in Hollywood, California."

People who live in expectation of bequests from friends are frequently surprised at what they do get. An 80-year-old English spinner (who had an estate of £200,000) recently left his corsets and "all their contents" to his

friend, Miss Betty Parker. When Betty Parker got the corsets she found 12 pound notes sewn inside them.

Young Americans, Ronald Deen, was left a Bible by a rich uncle, whose favorite scripture he had been. He could not understand why he had been left nothing but a Bible. Some weeks later he casually picked it up, flicked over its pages and came upon a mostly faded stock certificate which turned out to be worth more than 7000 dollars. Ronald is reported to have been a devoted Bible-reader ever since.

Free wills, however, have caused as much trouble and confusion as those of execrable testing machine bequest, Mrs. Dany Alexander. She inherited £200,000 a year income from her father's £200 million holding in the sewing machine company. One of her main occupations in life was making

and cancelling wills; but when she died early in the war, at the age of 84, the only will found was dated 1908. Her solicitors at once began a business hunt for the wills they had helped her to draw up. A mine detector was used to search for metal boxes which it was thought might be hidden in the walls and floor of her home. They even hunted for Mrs. Alexander's pet parrot to see if it would talk. As at writing, there is no report of what the parrot said (if anything), but cynics are inclined to suggest that it was probably false.

On March 10, 1948, Jack Wurm, of Palo Alto, California, picked up a bottle washed ashore on a San Francisco beach. Inside was a crumpled piece of paper with the words "To avoid any confusion, I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney, Harry Cohen, there and there alike." It was signed by Mrs. Alexander.



STYVENSON AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



who are

# THE REAL SPIES?



The clock-and-dagger days have passed; clock men at desks are the stars of espionage.

**I**f it's dagger and excitement you are looking for, plus a bit of quick money and beautiful day-eyed dames, I would suggest that you don't go into the spy business. There's error that clock, steady that dagger, put your E. Phillips Oppenheim and Erna Ambler books back on the night table, and listen:

The spy business isn't what it's cracked up to be.

True, there have been pumpkin

papers, misdirected nerves and Miss Maura, and there will continue to be. But if the well-organized world system of espionage—a game that is being played by every country, big and small—had to depend on treachery and theft, the spy business would soon be bankrupt, and it is far from that.

To-day's spies are economists, industrial experts and ordinance men, who operate in the open, in broad

daylight and without any disguise.

There are few clandestine meetings with shady characters in velvet, the-way-outside behind drawn curtains. There don't have to be. And there are few "drops" where mail is slipped in deposited to be sent on for transmission to the home office. Again, there don't have to be, because there is always the diplomatic pouch which, so far, has been immune to search and seizure.

Once, just a short time ago, in a Balkan country where a national celebration was going on, an air attaché of a Western embassy (not American) approached the country as the correspondents' stand, asked me a question and said, "Rather extraordinary country, what?"

I agreed. He then told me that he had covered it thoroughly, liked the people as it very much, and thought they were doing a good, that job of reconstruction. Then went on for about 15 minutes, adding little or nothing to my fund of information about the country. Then he started to question me. Whether I had had any tours, where I had gone, what I had seen, how conditions and steel plants compared with those I knew in the States as to output and equipment, whether I had run into much criticism of the government and where, particularly.

There was little I could tell him because I was new on the beat, but everything—no matter how little or how sketchy—was of interest to him. What I was experiencing, of course, was a modern spy at work—in full view of all the brass of the country he was "working." The little information I might have given to him may have been worthless in itself, but added to bits of data he had gathered from dozens of other conversations like this probably gave him a clearer picture of conditions within the land.

The economist and industrial expert are the key men in espionage—"intelligence" is the preferred word nowadays—because the economy of a nation is the key both to its war potential and its designs. Here is about the way they work:

Take a country—any country. Let's call ours by the E. Phillips Oppenheim name of Ruritania. Ruritania is a satellite of some big power which, to the other big power in the world, represents the potential enemy.

Ruritania is full of ambassadors and legations, each there for a number of purposes, not the least of which is intelligence. Now, let us take a particular embassy. This has an ambassador, a number of top aides who are called counselors and secretaries, and a staff of clerical help and servants. The counselors and secretaries are chosen for their particular abilities—economics, ordinance, aviation, transportation, commercialness. Their job is to find out and report what is happening in Ruritania.

Their job of information are put together and down the agency passes of the nation they are studying. The economist and the other specialists are able to take their visual observations and sets of belated figures which, when alone, may be meaningless, but which, put together, can produce a picture of an industry and, through it, the economy of a nation.

Let me illustrate. Say that Ruritania is a big steel and coal producing country. These are the stars of war, and figures on their production are sometimes as important as facts of some secret weapons. First of all, the foreign intelligence service in Ruritania finds out where these mines and mills are located. These would be prime targets for bombing planes.

Next, how much coal is being mined? The Ministry of Mining is charged about giving out these figures.

and when it does, intelligence men pay little attention to them, or read them with a practiced eye, adding as many facts here, subtracting as many from there. The best way to find out the real message is to find out how many rumors there are. That's easier. Trade union figures are generally accurate or, if those are not available, the population of the mining towns can be added. From the total figure, the government will subtract the number of persons it considers necessary to run the town itself—the municipal government, the merchants and their help, the service trades, etc.—and the result will be a pretty good estimate of the actual number of persons who work in the pits.

To be worth his pay, our economist must be able to tell how much coal these miners can dig in a year, give or take a few hundred thousand tons, close enough for the information wanted. Statisticians then weigh his figures against the amount of mining machinery available in importing or making (these figures are usually available and accurate) and the production of the mines. When they are through with it, Churchill's coal mining is no longer so much of a secret.

That's the way it is with steel, too. And when you know a country's steel and coal resources, you pretty well know its whole capacity.

Rapports become more difficult in the realm of science and secret weapons. But even in this area, it is not necessary to get blasphe-mous notions or facts. A mere glance at a new type of plane flying high above will tell an aviation expert that it is different. He will know why it is different, even though he can't tell you how the difference came about.

Weapons are top secret, of course, but not for long. Atomic energy bombs are a classic example of this. American scientists warned us soon

as the first A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima that it could not be kept a secret. In fact, but for a quirk of fate which led German scientists up a blind alley does which they could have returned except for Hitler's disbelieved in atomic weapons, they may have beaten us to the A-bomb by some months.

Let us examine another field. Say, for example, that the nations today are searching for a new metal alloy which would withstand the heat of supersonic rocket engines. Say, also, that one of the serious drawbacks to the use of these engines is that such an alloy has not been found. It would be useful—say, vital—for one nation to steal the formula or a bit of the metal itself if another nation were successful in developing it.

Attempts would be made to steal the metal and the formula, of course. Should this fail—and it fails more often than it succeeds—then scientific papers are scanned carefully, and every word that is written about the new metal is read avidly. No one article and no one paper on itself can or will give away the secret. But a word here and a word there, put together by an expert, give a vital clue, and the rival government's scientists are off on a new quest which, in time, will be successful.

The chemical field is also not to be overlooked. The industrial expert in Ravenna, for example, can get a pretty good idea of the capacity of a smelter by riding past it in a train; the communications expert can tell fairly well how efficient or inefficient a country's communications are by a casual trip through a country area though he is accompanied by counter-espionage agents and a levy of some police.

Thus, there are few secrets to the expert in his own field, and practically none to the trained intelligence

officer which coordinates the findings of its men everywhere.

Does that mean, then, that the day of the old-fashioned spy is gone, perhaps, forever? That there are no more Black Hairs?

Not at all. There are a number of people who are out to make a fast dollar or realize whatever they can; from both sides, if possible. There are spies, but what they offer is generally taken with a grain of salt. They may be what they say they are. On the

other hand, they may be counter-spies.

In these old wars the intelligence agent and counter-spy have to work in cloak-and-dagger fashion, so Allied agents worked for us during World War II. But generally, in peacetime, spying is a profession of gentlemen, not for the amateur but for the economist, the industrialist and the lawyer.

You can go back to your E. Phillips Oppenheim now.

## BLOCKS



# MILD BILL AND FATE



A reader, lookin' one of a gun, they say  
only but his heart could be kinder.

A. W. HINING

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK leaned across the drink-soaked saloon table and pocketed a flag at Dave Tutt. "Till see you on the place in ten minutes," he said, smiling. "And come a-shootin'."

Two minutes later most of the townfolk of Springfield, Missouri, had gathered on the doorways which flanked the town square. It was a hot July afternoon in 1883, and on the entertainment in the American West in those days somewhat looked worse, being lured to drinking, gambling and woman, there was always a good house for a free dance.

The leading actors needed no introduction. James Butler Hickok was called Wild Bill, although his name wasn't Bill and he was not usually Wild—nor was those days. Except for his clothes, you could have called him Mild. He was good-looking, a dandy-dancer, and went far the ladies in a big, man-of-the-world "sporting gals."



Down in a little village called Troygrove, Illinois, on May 27, 1827, he took to guns early and, even as a boy, was a crack shot with either rifle or shotgun.

At 15 he decided to go out and win his spurs—or perhaps he had run out of girls in Troygrove.

But there was no doubt about the name at 18 he caught with the McCandless Gang at Rock Creek Station on July 12, 1845. Opinions differ as to exactly what happened, but this seems to have been the way of it.

David McCandless was the agent for the Overland Stage Company, for which Hickok worked as a messenger. McCandless had a gang of tough horse-lords, he also had a feud running with a man named Wellman. Hickok was on Wellman's side in the argument—perhaps because he just naturally didn't like his boss. He heard talk round the stables one day and stopped away. McCandless soon afterwards stalked into Wellman's office with a gun in his hand and homicide in his mind.

Hickok was hiding behind a curtain, he loaded McCandless with lead. Two members of the gang, who had been left outside to guard the door, came rushing into the office and met a leader whom which was too thick for them in panic. He penetrated them instead. The McCandless gang came to exist.

Hickok kept his guns warm from then on. During the Civil War he served with the Union Army as a sharpshooter, a scout and a spy. He was captured several times by the Southerners, who ordered out the firing party, but Hickok always managed to escape. After the war, he roamed round the West, seeking for money to spend on the girls. He liked new places and new faces—especially females. And the girls liked him. He was six feet tall, with

broad shoulders, slim waist, good hands and feet, he had golden brown silky hair which he parted in the middle and let curl on his shoulders; he wore a handlebar mustache and had dense blue-gray eyes.

Clad? He was the laddy boy of his time. He paid 25 dollars a year for his kid or thimble-calfskin high-backed boots, wore the finest linen white shirts, with stiff neckwear collars and white four-in-hand ties; his black Prince Albert coats were bordered with white braid, and he wore a wide-brimmed felt hat with a low crown, usually grey. His striped pants were the finest homespun.

But the most remarkable thing about his dress was that he never wore a hairnet. He carried two arm-guns, tucked in the front of his belt, legs in for a cross-dress.

A girl who popped up several times in Hickok's career was a waitress of the hotel named Susanna Moore. Whether she followed him or he followed her, history does not say. But she caused Hickok's challenge to Dave Tutt.

Hickok had been paying court to Dave's sister, Belle. Dave was a gang for several sporting gals. Then Susanna Moore arrived in town and Hickok dropped Belle and went back to his old love. Dave didn't care what happened to his sister, but as soon as he saw Susanna, he made up his mind what was going to happen to her.

Hickok's ideas didn't coincide with Dave's. One summer afternoon he walked out the saloon where Dave sat at a table with Susanna—and handed out his challenge to the dead which introduced this story.

Springfield was a noisy frontier town, but there was perfect silence in the place as soon as Tutt showed at one corner and stepped to the back of a woman.

## ANIMAL ANTICS (XII)

Although the Magpie is a very flighty variety, her nocturnal abandon makes nocturnal antics blandly, she flutters gaily here and there from break of day to night, and . . . they say . . . she's always fresh for fun when the sun is out of sight, her neighbors find morsels of the dark rings round her eyes and view her tickles going-on with continuous merriment, but they shrill squirts of envy and pretend to beady yawn when they wake and find she's still around and chattering in the dawn.

JAY-PAT

Hickok showed up, right on time, at the opposite corner. He had Simmons as his arm. He placed her in a doorway for safety.

Tatt stepped out from behind the wagon and began to walk diagonally across the square towards Hickok, his gun in his hand. Hickok walked towards Tatt, his hands empty until the two men were about a hundred yards apart. Then Hickok, still walking steadily, drew a gun almost casually.

Tatt halted, brought up his forty-five, and fired. A window splintered behind Hickok, who continued to advance. Tatt must have been scared stiff by Hickok's coolness or regularity. He fired again—and again. Hickok still came on steadily. When they were 75 yards apart, he stopped, raised his gun as his bent left wrist, took careful aim and drilled a neat

hole in Tatt's heart. It was also a bullet . . . even for these unhurried days when target-practice was as regular as dinner.

He was married at Fort Riley, Kansas, in 1855, when it was a hot little town. He served as a scout with General Custer, Hancock and Sheridan in Indian wars. He was married in various wild towns, the widow of which was Abilene, Kansas.

When Hickok arrived in Abilene, the marshal was Big Tom Smith, a man who never carried a gun. When a man had stepped over the fence, Tom just knocked him cold, draped him over a hip and carried him to the hospital. For one day he turned his back at the wrong time and got it perforated with lead. Mild Bill stepped into the vacancy.

He had Susanna Moore with him in Abilene, but he dropped her for a

lovely widow named Lake. A partner named Coe was also making wife's eyes at the widow. But was no good-looking as Bill, but had no sense with a gun. One night Coe went on a drinking rampage with some cowboys, came riding back now down hysterically and fired at a dog.

Hickok was in the saloon where Coe drunkenly. He heard the shot and ran out, his gun in his hand. Coe, pretty drunk, yelled that he had just shot at a dog and named his gun, perhaps to demonstrate. That was a stupid thing to do with a man with such fine nerves as Hickok. He shot Coe dead. Bill's son, David, Mike Williams, was in the saloon. He heard the shot and rushed out to help Hickok. Bill heard the door open behind him, twisted like a fish and killed his mate.

Then seemed to follow Hickok at killing. He joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and toured with it for a couple of years. He met a lot of new girls. But he tired of that life, went back to Abilene, married Mrs. Laura, and settled down for a few years.

Then the old adventure bug got under his skin again. Or perhaps it was the ex-widow. Whatever it was, he made a move. He had heard that Deadwood, Dakota Territory, was now the wildest spot on the Western map; he went there to gamble. A lot of bad men had also gone there, many of them cowboys he had made with his woman-chasing and his shooting iron.

On August 1, 1876, Bill broke a rule he had never broken before. He sat down to play poker with his back away from a wall. He wanted to all change seats, but his friends—all of them were his friends—laughed him down. Bill started to play and, after a few minutes, placed nervously over his shoulder at a man standing behind him. The man was

drunk. Hickok recalled that he had never let a man stand behind him before; his fellow-players laughed and said it was only Jack McCall, the town hero. Hickok shrugged and decided to take a chance. McCall promptly took a chance also. He took a gun from under his coat and put a slug into Hickok's back—and his heart.

McCall had never possessed so expensive a thing as a gun before. Somehow, he had one when he needed it. Perhaps some of Bill's enemies had got him, by proxy, at last?

Scared at what he had done, McCall turned to the room and worked his way out. The gun held its slug. All were dark except the one which killed Hickok. McCall was moved down. A dead man tells no tales.

The mark Hickok held as he fell was men and myth, which combination has ever since been called the "Dead Man's Hand."



# Pugnacious Miss Poker Face



FRANK BROWNE

For seven years, Mrs. Mollie Melbury dominated American women's tennis. This Norwegian-born girl played a fierce hitting game that came closer to the men's style than any of her contemporaries.

That's why one day in the late summer of 1919, the ten thousand spectators sitting around the newly-built Forest Hills stadium were amazed to see a seventeen-year-old Californian with fiery blazing the champ off the court. Helen Wills, the new Champion, was to become, like Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and Bill Tilden, a sort of American hero.

Her expression didn't show it, but inside she was facing with fight.

... a tournament, as to speak.

But unlike them, her reputation was built entirely on her sporting ability. They had colour and show, no matter whether they were dealt with opponents or merely lighting a cigarette. The girl had no more glamour than an adding machine—and made very nearly as few mistakes. She was without a smile, gave no quarter and asked for none. She never gave any sign that she cared a hoot about the plaudits of the crowd, or that winning meant anything to her.

Only once in her entire career as

Tennis—a sport that has always pardoned to temperamental—did she do anything that was unorthodox.

Born in 1902, the year of the Prince's marriage, Helen Wills was the daughter of a doctor, who was no great shakes at tennis himself, but was determined that if coaching had careful attention to teaching physics and science could make her feel a champion, then a champion she should be.

At twelve, Helen, a serious-faced child, big for her age, was quite capable of giving almost any girl in America a good game.

The next five years, culminating in the National Championship victory at Forest Hills, saw her develop physically into a robust girl, with legs and arms too massive for beauty, and a face that might have been beautiful had it shown any sign of expression. "Little Miss Poker Face," they called her, and the nickname stuck.

From a tennis viewpoint, her game was built on rigid adherence to the copy book. There was nothing versatile about her, and she was by no means the most brilliant stroke player of her day. But playing against her was like playing a brick wall.

Typical of her game was her 1928 American Championship win against Helen Hall. An analysis of the match, which Wills won 6-1, 6-1, showed that her opponent scored more points than the Champion. But she lost on errors, even made trying to break through the rocklike defence of the Californian.

In 1929, Helen Wills came to Wimbledon, and the decisions of the Centre Court witnessed what had hit them.

She walked onto the court, her eyes hidden beneath the eyeshade that she had worn from the time she started playing. She uttered not

a word, nor even bothered looking at her opponent until play was called.

Then she proceeded to demolish the underdogs one at the other and. When the campaign was over, she collected her sweater from where it hung on the umpire's stand, and walked off. Her handshake as the defeated girl offered her hand was as cold as an Eskimo's nose.

That first year, she beamed straight through the Wimbledon ranks like a wall amongst shakens. In the final, she beat the Kitty McKane. Kitty was a good player, but in Suzanne Lenglen.

What McKane had was guts and imagination. She refused to be intimidated, poured the ranks of the great killers, and ran out a winner.

Miss Wills went her way.

In three months' time she crushed her way to an Olympic Tennis win, at Paris, the only time that Tennis had been included on the Games programme.

It was three years before she was able to win her first Wimbledon title, apparently keeping her out for a season.

In the meantime, Suzanne Lenglen had retired. They had met only once, in an exhibition on the Riviera, and Lenglen had won. Arguments about the relative ability of the two players have been abated for twenty-five years.

From 1921, for seven years, it was a waste of time playing the Wimbledon's women's singles. Not only did the American girl win them, but nobody took a set off her, or even looked like taking a set.

As often happens, these years saw the emergence of an unlikely player. That was Helen Jacobs. This girl, who hailed from Arizona, was two years younger than Helen Wills. From 1926 onwards, she played a sort of

### Three Tears For Opium—

#### • For Coming-Out Parties—

"Here's to women. She requires no eulogy, she speaks for herself." • For Legal Functions: "Here's to the Bench and the Bar. If it wasn't for the Bar, there'd be little use for the Bench."

#### • For An Author's Dinner—

"Here's the author's very good health. May he live to be as old as his pen."

personal second title. She was runner-up at Wimbledon in 1911, '12, '13, '14, '15. Undoubtedly the second best player in the world, in the years of the Wills domination, she was robbed of even the pleasure of winning her National Championships, unless at course. Helen Wills Jahn's scores, which happened on three occasions.

It took Helen Jacobs a long time to get her revenge on Helen Wills and when that opportunity did come, it was in one of the most talked about tennis matches of all time.

This was the National Championship of 1913. The first set was a thriller. Finally, Helen Jacobs broke through, and won it 6-4.

The second set saw the well-known sweating technique in full action, and the Californian girl won it 6-3.

The third set opened. Helen Jacobs, receiving her first-set tactics, ran to a 4-4 lead, with her own service coming up.

As she turned to serve, she nearly dropped with astonishment. Wills had walked over to the umpire and

had picked up her sweater. She was walking off!

"My leg hurts, I can't go on," was her only explanation.

For a moment or two, the crowd was thunderous. Then people began to make their way. There were lots for Wills and cheers for Jacobs.

There was a near-miss when it was announced that Miss Wills was going to play in the doubles final.

This convinced most people that her walk-off had been merely the act of a bad sport.

If the rumor, which went on in the Press for months, upset Helen Wills, she gave no sign of it. She showed the same contempt for what other people did or thought that she had always shown.

By 1914 it was all forgotten. The name of Wills had gone into tennis history. The new Champion, that skimming girl, Helen Jacobs, was popular, and it became the fashion to say that probably Helen Jacobs had developed into a better tennis player than Foker Fox had ever been, anyway.

In 1915 there was a bombshell. Helen Wills had returned for Wimbledon. She was making a comeback!

In the meantime of return, every body had forgotten just how good she had been.

They were not allowed to forget it much longer. She went through the Wimbledon preliminary rounds with the loss of only one set.

Then, she faced Helen Jacobs in the final.

Wringing with a sporadic laugh, and with speed as great as she had ever maintained, the ex-Champion won the first set 6-4.

Helen Jacobs was the second step, 6-3.

There sat had everybody on their toes.

Playing beautifully, Helen Jacobs

went to a 4-2 lead. The poker face at the other end didn't register, nor did anything happen when the lead became 5-3.

In the next point, Helen Jacobs ran to 20-15 on her own service. Match point! If ever Wills was going to show the white feather, that was the time!

But she didn't. She made it 5-4, and then went on to win the set and the title, 5-4. It was a great comeback.

Three years later, in 1918, after playing very little in the meantime, the 22-year-old Champion came back to Wimbledon.

In the warm-up for the Championships, she had been beaten twice by the new girl, Frances Hyde Spurling. This girl, who played a terribly unorthodox game, seemed to have the measure of the imaginative American.

They met in the fourth round of the Wimbledon title.

The first set lasted a terrible time. Twice, Spurling had set-point, but always the other girl staved off defeat.

Finally she was forced to set 7-5.

The second set was just as hard fought. Helen Wills eventually won it, and the match 6-4.

The match had lasted no less than two hours, a record for women's tennis.

The final, almost marvellously, was against Helen Jacobs. The first set was a hard-fought battle. Slower and less daring than she had been in her younger days, Helen Wills won her opponent down to take the first set.

In the second set, Helen Wills joined her Achilles tendon. She began to limp in the first few seconds. She was treated and urged to retire. She refused.

And Helen Wills went on to win her last Wimbledon title.

She played no more big tennis after that.

She was a sporting phenomenon. The crowd respected her ability but never felt that they knew her. She never concealed the fact that this was exactly as she wanted it.



## THE END of Arguments



Can a camel go for weeks without water?

**Hoax!** . . . heuric, pleaded. The camel is a vastly over-estimated animal. Experts have assumed that three or four days is the most the beast can last without a drink (and that under only favorable conditions). The camel was originally thought to store water in its hump and, more recently, in patches of its stomach. Both beliefs have an element of truth and both are, in an extent, fallacious. The hump is of solid fat and, as drawing on the fat, the beast also draws water. Water stored in patches of the stomach merely exceeds a gallon. One expert, Leitch, concludes that the patches merely serve to moisten food during digestion and that the water is drawn from general circulation.

Can some blind people instantly regain full sight?

**Extremely doubtful.** And it depends a lot on what you mean by "seeing." Stories of those born blind who have instantly regained their sight (either by surgery, suggestion or downright ruse), usually betray ignorance of the fact that "seeing" is the higher animals' an acquired skill. Experiments on chimpanzees (which had been reared from birth to the age of 18 months in total darkness) showed that sight was at first meaningless. It took the apes weeks even

to learn to reach for food which they would seize eagerly when touched against them. Dr. Carl A. Klein, who lost his sight in 1908 and regained it suddenly in 1940, states that he found it necessary to re-educate himself gradually to the art of "seeing."

How long do you sleep at night?

If you're an average person, you're normally asleep about 15 minutes after brushing the pillow. If you're thin, you'll become sleep as what you need; if fat, you can get along on seven. Experts claim that the average person can get along without sleep for only 48 hours before nature takes its rightful course. During sleep, you change position about 15 times.

How did the common signs in arithmetic begin?

The common signs in arithmetic resulted from efforts to save time. For instance, the Latin "minus" was for speed written "m-n-a" with a little line over the top to show what had been omitted. Then the letters were also omitted, leaving the familiar sign "-". A Welshman at Oxford is said to have used two small lines of equal length as a substitute for "equal to" ("="). The Arabs borrowed the multiplication and division signs. They termed the "plus" ("+") sideways ("X"), as they regarded multiplication as a quick means of adding up.

## Punch Packing Pretty

"Woe, you woe!" . . . There's a red light burning in your back . . . She's harboring Cain's right eye . . . But, damn on the look, she knows all the answers to all the questions . . . Just try her and see.





If you don't believe us, take a glimpse of her in action. First you see her untiring just a spot of practice with her husband, Bruce, but some men will do the heavy lifting. Still, if Bruce can take it, we can't. And then you see her putting theory into practice. This really does stress the wind-pipe is guaranteed to risk the most enormous athletic feat his head for several days. . . . and it won't be entirely from shame, either.



And Barbara isn't the type who is always round your neck. If you object to her type of necking, she can provide other amusements. This wrist-lock-cum-half-nelson is, at worst, liable to crack your arm in at least three places or, at best, leave you muscle-bound for several frustrated weeks. Which probably explains that while Barbara never looks sideways, most of them are content to admire from afar. Tancredi Andreone was the daring former addict who bowed the rhythm.



# jealous queen and golden spurs



When a queen marries a prince, there's sure to be trouble if the queen starts first.

WALKER HENRY

UNDOUBTEDLY King Henry II of England should never have been such a fool as to marry Eleanor of Aquitaine; but it can only have been sheer stupidity that inspired him to believe that, when he had, he could cherish a mistress as well.

Queen Eleanor was decidedly not a woman to be trifled with.

The daughter of William V, Duke of Aquitaine, she came of a stock noted for its unabated delight in the shedding of human gore. This un-

pleasant family trait was, in Eleanor, only thinly disguised by "a face of bewitching mine" and a fine figure.

But Eleanor was born in a robust age; despite a reputation which today would have repulsed most women, she did not lack for lovers.

As a matter of fact, she even managed to wed Louis the Fat, heir in the house of France.

When the old King died and Louis, pointed enthusiastically to the throne, the new Queen found she had ample

scope for family hatreds. Promptly declaring war on the Count of Champagne, she burnt the Cathedral of Vitry to the ground—together with fourteen hundred people.

Noting her wife's character, Louis wanted no time, and departed on a Crusade. Riskily, Eleanor followed him, and took complete command of the French army. Not until seven thousand French knights were massacred by the Saracens.

Louis displayed unexpected good sense, by immediately putting the Mediterranean between himself and his spouse and winning a divorce.

It was here that Henry appeared. How such an unmap character could have found the strength to woo Eleanor is beyond imagination. At all events, he married her.

He had already provided Eleanor (or Eleanor provided him) with several children when the strain began to tell. Henry commenced to yearn for a less nerve-racking play-fellow.

He found her in Rosemead, a peacock-and-crown blonde, who was the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford. Her contemporaries called her "the Rose"; and she seems to have been as plump as Henry himself. In fact, a dumb blonde.

Yet, by some unfortunate stroke of good luck, their somewhat noisy affairs prospered. Rosemead had actually borne two children before Eleanor had even the glimmer of a suspicion that her husband was twirling the filch.

One day however, the keen-eyed Queen Eleanor noticed her husband strolling conspicuously in the garden of Woodstock Palace. Bright gold spurs glittered on his heels; and when she spun stretched a thread of silk.

"Ah-ha!" declared Eleanor, a woman of no illusions, and immediately set herself to trace the thread

to its source. The thread led Eleanor into a thicket in the middle of the Park. There the lady was eager to discover a ball of silk, perfectly unrolling itself . . . under the tugging of a spear, perhaps?

Still, she refused to be hurried. The mystery was not yet solved.

Henry . . . being Henry . . . immediately gave her a chance. He left Woodstock for a long journey. He was barely out of sight before Eleanor was searching the thicket again. Suddenly, she slipped collared with a low door, hidden in shrubbery. Opening it, she found herself in a dark, narrow tunnel; straining through, she stepped into an exquisite bower of flowers, sheltering—no, don't guess, you were right the first time—Rosemead.

What happened next may best be imagined. If you doubt the wife's desire, you should consult "The French Chronicle of London." Most of them are not only too obscure to be printable, but also too interesting to be placidly read. Among other things, Eleanor had Rosemead stripped and teased between two beds after which she was placed in a cold bath and flooded to terror by "an aide han." More picturesque execution ended in her death.

When Henry heard the news, he out-wooned all women. He turned back into Eleanor's bed.

He remained there long enough to assist her in bearing eight children; to see his sons grow to manhood; and then to leave them—with the open approval of their mother—revolt against him.

He cast one fleeting glance at Eleanor, plaintively murmured "I no longer care for myself or the world," turned his face to the wall and died.

Eleanor passed in an obscur of respectability. The date was June 24, 1232.

# Crime Capsules



**HOMER . . . WELL, HOMER:** Apropos (or something) to the Syndacaste citizen who is alleged to have spent New Christmas Days in the cells (with a promise to make it his next December's), may we present Val Preston, of Illinois (U.S.)? At writing, he is still pleading in vain with a Warden to extend his six-months sentence. Preston claims that he needs extra classes to complete his theology course. Thus there are better complaints from officials of a Salt Lake City Prison. They've hurt Herman L. Winter (a former coach on civilian one-track rail) stole away his year in choker by granting bogus charges in the telephone's printing-shop.

**SEED-BOT MAMA:** Charles Pollock of Chicago caught 128-lb. Miss Lucy Larkin in his hotel bedroom, grabbing her wallet. Mr. Pollock grabbed Miss Larkin. Miss Larkin coyly repulsed him with a straight-left and a right-kick. Two of Mr. Pollock's friends rushed to his aid. Miss Larkin aimed several damaging swings with a rage. The representatives of the frustrated Stranger Sex retired warily and phoned the constabulary. Three stout grandmothers were rushed into semi-hospitalization below. Miss Larkin continued to be handcuffed and led away.

**THE WHEN OF IT:** After a close study of crime statistics, Dr. Hans Von Hentig, of Yale University, reached some conclusions: (1) 25 per cent of all homicides occur between 4 p.m. and midnight; (2) most burglaries are committed between 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock in the morning; (3) the next greatest number of arrests occur in the following two-hour period, 10 a.m. to noon; (4) first-born children have a higher rate of criminal tendencies than their younger brothers and sisters . . . you lucky seventh child of a seventh child.

**THE TEETH OF DEATH:** Toxicologists whisper on poison, when they are called in on a case, naturally attempt to find poison. However, other things sometimes turn up at work. One morning a London businessman was found in his bed. "Bunkie" was his doctor's opinion. The businessman seemed to have imbibed a dose of the deadly poison, "wolfbane." Unfortunately, a life insurance company became suspicious. Toxicologists went to work. They found not only wolfbane in the dead man's stomach but also tiny fragments of dried wax. They examined the corpse's teeth. One of the molars had a larva cavity in which was both wolfbane and dried wax. Verdict: Murder By Dentistry.



*Jack Howard*

HANK and I were sticking her's close to see who'd buy the next round, when this little guy came in. I wouldn't have paid any attention, except that the man struck me as being too typical of an enormous type. It was all there. The short stature. The dusky sea-stripe suit, with the monster shoulders and deep-set cut. The too black, and too shiny, and too curly hair that formed a well-defined duck's tail on the back of his neck. The magnificent nose. The hand-painted skin. The deeply-pointed, black, patent-leather shoes. The precisely cut moustache, making a dark line along his upper lip. And finally his black eyes that watched too much. He made me nervously shirk the minute he came in.

The girl on his arm was conspicuous in comparison. She was exactly as tall as he, but her whole manner, her whole being was quieter, cleaner . . . reserved. She didn't belong with him. I know it, and so I watched them. I felt that she knew it too. She listened intently when he spoke to her, but as soon as he looked away, her eyes were no longer on him. She might as well have been a thousand miles away. Her dress was too tight. She was wearing black hose, and there was a tiny golden chain around one ankle . . .

I hated her guts. I hated him because of her. He was foul. He was rotten. I hated his . . .

She looked at me then. And I looked at her. I couldn't look away. Not did she. Her eyes were large, and luminously dark. Her face was a mask of impassivity. She was looking at me. She was drawing me to her . . . closer and closer. Neither of us had moved, yet we had met, there in the smoky atmosphere midway between us . . .

Don's Hon-Dee-You is a one-man automatic wheel and operated by

# NO TIME FOR TEARS

THE KID WAS TOO SMOOTH.

HE WAS ASKING FOR THE TROUBLE HE FOUND



The junk screamed once, his arm and the bottle poised paralyzed

CARLYLE BRIDGES

• FICTION

Don himself. That's Don Merkle. He earns every penny he makes out of his little business by working fourteen hours a day.

Sitting on the other side of Hank was old Abner Hocking. Abner actually was Brigadier General Abner Lee Hocking, Retired. He was about 70 years young, and had the thin, wiry, whip-like body of an old country man. His beard was rather sparse, but thick enough to give him an air and the bearing of an officer and gentleman.

# HOWE THOUGHTS FROM NEXT DOOR

Teddy, teddy, teddy bear . . .  
I don't wonder what you're  
up  
such deliciously nervous news  
can only come from girls and  
boys  
when parents beg in petulant  
manner  
to "practice scales on the  
piano!"

JAY-PAT

portrait of General Chester and Buffalo Bill Cody. Of course, he is still remembered to-day, but his public connections largely of the inhabitants of Ben's Run-Day-Vee.

I pushed the door away with my arm, and paid for the drinks that Ben set in front of us. I tapped nervously at my highball. Then I heard the younger man's voice. . .

"Listen, you old rumormonger. You spilled my drink. I don't like guy's spills my drinks, now?"

"All right, son. I'll buy you another one."

That was old Abner Haskins' voice. I guess he must have hit the little drink accidentally, and knocked it off the bar . . . but couldn't he see that old Abner was . . .

"You damn right you buy me another one. I don't like guys spillin' my drinks. Take off them duck glasses and maybe you could see what the hell you were doin'." Then to the girl he said, "Drink up, baby. Old whippersnapper here is buyin' me a drink."

She looked at the pink band of strongly. I thought she was going to say something, but she only shrugged shruggingly, and finished her drink. As she tilted her glass up, she again looked directly at me. There was nothing mean, nor teasing, nor provoking in that look. Don't get the wrong idea. She was telling me her story . . . and I understood . . . perfectly. She knew that I understood about her. She looked away.

"That's the trouble with old duffers like you. You think you own the world. Well, you don't, son."

"You shouldn't talk that way, son."

"Ah, shut up!"

Abner continued motionless, slightly hunched over the bar.

The girl glanced nervously at him from time to time, but made no move to restrain him. Her face was flushed, her knuckles white. She looked down at her hands.

I probably would have gotten up and walked out, if it weren't for her strong force.

Suddenly Abner had had enough.

The old man rose slowly from the stool, not even bothering to finish his glass of beer. I guess Abner had had of her his talk for her right down. As he started down from the stool, he must have accidentally put his foot down on the edge on the young lady's shoe.

"Goodness now, you old rumormonger! I told you to be careful!"

The girl swung around quickly, arm extended, and caught Abner back-handed flush on the mouth. Abner fell back over his stool, blood spurting from his nostrils up, and would have crashed to the floor, had he not caught himself by one hand on the edge of the bar. With his free hand he automatically groped for his cane, which had been down

underneath his stool, looked over the top rung. The lady's eyes showed life then. Sparkling, exhilarated. In a split second he had grabbed the empty beer bottle that was standing beside the old man's glass. He grabbed it for the neck . . . the duty and . . .

"Now you old duffer, you have water for it. . ."

He raised the bottle, and took one swig, leaning down toward Abner. His eyes were suddenly red in the corner, and his face had a look of sudden, joyful anticipation. It was written all over his face. This was his moment . . . his chance.

Once again I felt her eyes upon me. I looked at her. They were large eyes. But cool, purposeful. She had edged away a little from the station, but her eyes and her attention, all of it, were on me. She was drawing me to her again. . .

Just at the moment when the young man stepped forward for the hell, he was beginning the downward arc, the deadly bare bottle clutched murderously, old Abner stifled her body a little, and brought one hand up sharply from beneath him. Then I noticed his cane. A cane that had a sharply pointed steel tipper on the end of it. And Abner's cane was white. It was white until the second-like tip burned itself into his attacker's pin-stripe grade, a perfect white thrust. When the cane came out again, it was red. The pink assumed a new. His arm and the pointed bottle from in the middle of the swing. He seemed to wear a few of the motionless from in front of him, then he fell slowly away from the bar, and slumped to the floor, his arms folded across his belly. Like a small boy who has eaten too many green apples. Before anyone could run to help, the old man stood up, straight and erect.

Epitaph-General Abner Lee Howe

limb straightened his coat. His straightened his leg. He straightened his crooked glasses, over those significant eyes. Then turning to the door, he squared his shoulders, and with back rigid and head high, strode out with the manner and the dignity that befits a gentleman and an officer. The old general, with a thrust of his index, had once again vanquished an enemy.

The sound of Ben's voice shouting into the phone seemed to break the room hypnotic spell that cropped the crowd. Quickly, I glanced at the spot where the girl had been standing. I felt a tug at my sleeve, and looked down. She was there, hands on me, looking up at me with the same big eyes, the same look. And there were no tears in her eyes . . . no tears. There was something else now, though . . . something new. Looking deeply into her eyes right at that moment, was seeing into her mind. And there was a softness there. Like a warm mat that reached out and enveloped me, and drew me closer . . . ever closer . . . to her.

Ben's place was a hellish row. Someone stepped forward and bent over the boy. It was too late. The lad was dead. He was dead, and she was suddenly alive.

We were ready in the door, walking quickly, quietly, with identical purposes.

The door swung out under the pressure of my hand, and suddenly the light and the smoke and the drooping tresses of that smiling man of humanity that was Ben's Run-Day-Vee was gone, left behind us. As the cool, quiet music of fog swirled up around us, she gripped my arm a little tighter . . . then tighter still. And as we strolled slowly into the good gray night together, I felt a great shudder, like a tremendous sigh, pass through her body, and she buried her face against my shoulder.



# Dora was a sportsman

She was always prone to gamble; she'd even bet on two flies crawling down a window; she was betting on Paddy now.

EDM ARNOLD

• FICTION

PADDY returned to consciousness as the light from the tiny barred opening in the opposite wall awoke him across the eyes. His head was enlarged and all of it was an eye. His face was stiff and he felt blood in his mouth. But all else nothing compared to the ache that tore at his left knee.

Paddy the Thinker they called him.



With his useless flesh clanking, he felt cautiously about him for a good ice-hold.

Well he'd better get to thinking how he got into this mess, and how he was going to get out of it.

Double-crossed. That was it. There was no slip up with the job. He wasn't called the Thinker for nothing. His jobs were well planned, well timed, all hunkley dory. No slip-up possible. He'd done the job, got the swag and was on his way when it happened.

It happened at 1215 a.m., when he had stopped the car at Pope's Corner to get the "go ahead" from Doc. Even as the light flicked out the signal from the top window, the crash

had come. From behind, of course.

Had Dora seen? Dora was clever. She helped him plan the job; she took care of the swag. He trusted Dora and asked no questions. Well, could she get him out of this little lot?

God! What a place. Paddy felt like a grub in a rut. It was all a hard kernel of stone, wet and thick. No openings, except the barred hole in the wall opposite, was apparent. How did he get here? How would he get out? He'd have to get out, of course. He wasn't going to die like a worm in a hole. He'd get out just

THE height of the average man is now 5 ft. 10 ins. It has been ascertained in the different regions of the world. Anthropologists claim that this is the height attained by various human groups back through the centuries. The ancient Egyptians and Greeks, the Romans, and the early Indians of South-west America all achieved the stature at the zenith of their glory . . . and then declined. The scientists also add that people in warm climates are dying at a faster rate than those in cold climates . . . they are less resistant to infections. On the other hand, those tropical inhabitants who survive show less evidence of aging locally.

to get even with the swine who stalked him, swiped him and flung him here. They sure had flung him hard to crack that left leg ankle.

Paddy cursed again.

Hard better take a gender out that window. The one won't fly off. He could hear it lash and scald as it thumped down on rocks. Paddy glanced by was in a cove. What chance had Dave of finding him here?

Unless, of course, she knew who put him here. Dave knew all the nook, but they wouldn't get a word out of her about his place. Their plans. They worked solitary, he and Dave. They were those who were jealous of their success. Fourteen big jobs and set a step-up. And they had more plans to fulfill a trip to Mike's Cade when the song was full-Dave's benefit.

Dave loved a gambler. She was a real opportunist; she crossed all odds on. Dave would bet on anything. She was a tiger for it but she took the losses along with the wins and hardly moved a muscle of her frozen face while the bet was on. She'd lay a bet on tomorrow's weather with Jimmy Lamb or they'd have a side bet on a race while they were bet-

ting, plus side-bets on a poker game.

Paddy didn't gamble. He was a Thinker. Paddy made plans. None of them included Jimmy Lamb. None like him because he was a sportsman, too. But Paddy was the boss on his own horse and it was "set" for Jimmy months ago.

Dave hadn't moved. Paddy kept her busy with planning. And she always worked the upsets. He timed his jobs to the minute and Dave gave the cues.

A man couldn't go on without a bit of bad luck. His bad came.

Paddy eased himself off the ledge and worked his way across the rough floor. It hurt like hell, but his thoughts were conscious of the stinging pain on. He had to know what he had put him into this and he'd never did set by lying on a heap of stinking hay dying of fever. With sweat streaming his eyes he crawled the opposite wall and groped upwards until he grasped one bar of the little opening in each dot.

Suddenly Paddy fell backwards with a dull thro that sent a sour sickness into his muscles and a searing agony from left toe to left hip. He lay quite still.

The sun had moved on when he awoke again. Immediately Paddy was conscious that on each hand he held a bar from his prison window. Bits of loose stone and powdered dirt were fresh across the floor.

Paddy strained to be edged towards the opening again.

It was night now. Outside the sky was low and dark. Paddy looked down from the window.

Half Forty feet of rock face. From below spray whipped up as each wave crashed against the cliff. White water thundered helikely under the jutting rock, under the little stone piers that were straggled around Paddy's Thinker.

"They wouldn't have bothered about the bars anyway," he muttered. As the noise of his own voice crept through the gloom, the only human sound, Paddy screamed out and flung himself back against the wet stone of the floor, sobbing.

A faint mist rose and lay dense above across its path. Paddy was thinking, silent again.

The Thinker thought of something new. All he'd have to do would be to lower himself out of the window hole and maybe he could reach the roof of this place by was on. Maybe it was the top of the cliff.

After all, it had been done before. It couldn't be much if Jimmy the Cat could swing out of those last-floor-up flats like a lizard on a drum-pole. The Thinker knew that thoughts could be put into deeds. None before had been capable of performing these deeds. Surely this couldn't be the one time where he would fail.

He tried "to move" and groaned. Could he or couldn't he? If it weren't for that leg . . . ! Still, nobody ever did anything if he didn't try for it first.

The Thinker let the left leg push back from his hip and began to move . . . slowly . . . cautiously . . . panting in deep gasps at every move . . . but always drawing closer to his goal. He had to make it.

Grinding his jaws, Paddy edged himself in the hole in the wall and looked out and up.

God in Heaven! God!

Above him the cliff face glimmered silver at the moonlight strike its glossy surface. No one could climb that! No one!

The Thinker thought once more. He must be in a new cut in the stone. If he reached the floor, there must be a way out. There was a way on, wasn't there? There had to be a way out.

Then he saw the flash. The clear flash of a rock from below. As tense as a Panther he watched.

The signal Dave was down there, right down among those rocks. Dave!

His eyes never moved from the round white beam of light. Yes, there it was again. The "go ahead" signal known only to Dave and himself. His Dave. Somehow she'd found out where he had been taken and she'd come. "God bless you, Dave. What a man! You wouldn't let a man die like a leech. My old sorrow-and-afraid, my pal, my Dave."

Paddy's teeth clattered with excitement, his wrists were too long to cling to the rock any more. He was strong here again; he slipped up to the floor.

The floor! There must be a loose rock somewhere, leading to steps. He clawed like a searching fowl. He hebbled and wailed in a delirious of joy and pain.

There was no loose rock. Time was slipping on. Soon there would be no shadow darkness. He must go to the window again. Would Dave be there below?

The beam of light shone on the little window again and illuminated Paddy's stark face.

She was still there. The light moved downwards from Paddy's face, then stopped. His eyes followed it. A footfall. Down the light travelled again. Another footfall. On again the beam travelled revealing the row of steps and halts down the sheer face of the cliff.

It might have been the remains of a rust-encrusted fire-escape. Well, he'd climbed fire-escapes before . . . and he would again . . . if he could manage this one.

And why shouldn't he, the Thinker thought to himself? There seemed to be a tiny voice whispering in the back of his head: "Gawd, y'look . . . you, bloody fool . . . there's nothing to it . . . it's hot-sticks . . . less than hot-sticks to a bloke like you."

He leaned towards it . . . and a

wrench of his knee stabbed him with a slash of pain that silenced the little voice inside him. Yeah, it was easy . . . damned easy . . . except . . . oh, the hell with it . . . why of all the goddamned mad accidents of the world had it to be his knee. That's what would make it hard . . . perhaps too hard.

But Dora was asking him to do it . . . she was down there . . . his Dora . . . always the good . . . never a one to leave a pal like a rat in a trap. She'd come out of her way to find him . . . to help him. Gawd knew what she hadn't done to get herself down there . . . not that she would worry about that . . . it was Dora's way . . . it was part of what made Dora the sportsman they all admitted she was . . . and she had come to help him. She was trying to show him his path. She was telling him what to do.

So that was what he had to do. Slowly he stood himself back onto the floor. How would Dora know about his leg? The leg that hung loose from the knee? How could she know that his hand wasn't and wouldn't and blood oozed his feet?

There was no way of telling Dora these things. She had come to rescue him. What had she done to get down there to the foot of those cliffs? Dora with her slim brown ankles and her soft thighs.

He'd give it a go. Better to be smashed to nothing at Dora's feet than to rot away in a cave.

Yes, he'd give it a go. For Dora's sake. A true sportsman, Dora, making her life to give him a chance. His Dora knew the way.

The Thinker began to think the thing out. Make a tight handspike around the bad knee with his shirt. Chuck away all the other clothes

except trousers. His legs must be free—the ones he could use anyway—a few scratches would be better than being stuck up by a snail.

Well, that is it. Dora. This is it. Paddy the Thinker launched himself carefully up through the little window lifting his useless back with both hands as he sat on its wide stone ledge. The white light of the torch flashed from him to the first ledge. Ahead him was the vast black space of night, terrible and noisy with the roar of sea on rock. Paddy faced onwards to the shaggy rock and let his legs hang down until he felt the toe hold.

Then, heaving out head, he shut it to the first iron grip. What if it should be rotten as the window head? Mustn't think, mustn't think! Paddy mustn't be a Thinker any more.

Yes, think of Dora. Think of the night he met her at "The Jug"—



**BECAUSE THE VERB, AT  
LEAST, IS FREE**

When a woman buys a new  
dress,  
she has a reason why . . .  
Because her spouse refused,  
Because it shows her down,  
Because it comes from Paris,  
Because from a beauty,  
Because the style is popular;  
Because the style's so rare!  
But mostly . . . just **BECAUSE**

**ANYON**

she was dancing, swishing a red  
skirt, spying him. She was the  
woman right away.

Another rung. Light on the next  
balcony.

She was clever, his Dora. Not  
many dances clever and beautiful. He  
could wind her blue black hair  
around his two arms like a staff.  
He'd thought Dora a snuff-mink. The  
best for Dora. Dora liked rank.

The name was louder, trash leader  
Of course he was getting nearer to it.  
Nearer to the sea, nearer Dora.

She was a sport all right, all right.  
Took her losses with a shrug. Re-  
member the night she'd bet with  
Jimmy on the rain dropping down  
the window. Quick threepenny bet!  
"Choose a roundup, Jimmy, I'll have  
the sea!" Laughter! Jimmy and  
Dora laughing over roundup bets.

Jimmy had gone away. He couldn't  
have cared less. Not about Jimmy.  
Wasn't a real sportsman like Dora.  
Jimmy being to lose.

Don't look down, don't look up.  
Just go on. On. On. Think of Dora

Dora giving the signals for the "go  
ahead" when he returned from a job.  
Dora waiting in the garage to drive  
away with the stuff while he went  
in . . . to stuff his shirt.

Another rung. His leg trembled.  
The muscle seemed alive. It jumped.  
What keep doing. Don't look up.  
Don't look down. Nearly there, wince  
on his face. Darkness.

"Why, Paddy, you made it!" Dora's  
voice. Water lapping, not roaring. A  
laugh straggling softly.

"That he made it. That means you  
win. A mish cost to you, baby?"  
Jimmy's voice. But it couldn't be  
Jimmy's voice. Jimmy went away,  
Jimmy went away. Jimmy went a  
pair ago . . .

Paddy the Thinker opened from eye-  
bids. It was Jimmy's voice. Jimmy  
was there, rattling up. And Dora  
was there, too, in a big black cloak.  
He was on a lot of wood between  
rocks, his leg was numb. No pain.

Dora was talking. "I lost a bet,  
Paddy. Jimmy said you were up  
Dora for keeps, even though the  
lace were rotten. I know you'd  
get out if I showed you the way. So  
we took a bet, Jimmy and I. A mish  
cost for me, a sports me for Dora.  
You did me a good turn, Paddy."

"And now I'll show you the way  
back, Paddy." It was Jimmy again.  
"The easy way, through the back of  
the cliff. Because you're going  
back, Paddy, where you'll be safe.  
Safe until Dora and me get away  
with the stone."

"We'll show you the way to get  
out from the middle, too, Paddy. It's  
easier than coming down the cliff,"  
Dora was laughing.

"You'll have a sporting chance then,  
Paddy. Come on now. Up we go. A  
good show, Paddy."

Dora liked a lot of sport.  
Sure, Dora was a sportsman. The  
crowd all said so.



"Yes, I advertised for the sister. It's a sort of—er—  
second childhood case."



# You can't win...

By the one who knows...

GIBSON

If she decides that you need a hair-cut just one look and a few well chosen words can make you look like this...

And if she is of the opinion that you haven't tied your cravat correctly she can do quite well with just a few words... and they may not be well chosen...



If your shoes are a little on the dim side she can do plenty with just one look.

As for that snug suit on your back! She doesn't even have to look or speak to make you feel like a tramp...

But if you happen to mention that you think her hat looks a little odd...



She can play merry hell with your ego by just taking one deep breath.

STRANGER  
and  
Strangers



**PLASTIC WALTON:** Latest sport in the U.S. is golfball racing. On a million-dollar par at Atlantic City is a "fish-can," consisting of 11 brightly-lubed plastic tubes, each twenty-four long, in a rack one above the other. Each contains a live goldfish and a plastic "chuck" (swims on its own). The sharks (which are numbered) are operated from controls in the front of the machine. The goldfish are released into the tubes by an electric "magnet-gate." The fish that is scared most by the chuck and swam down the fastest to the end of the tube, wins the race and big sponsor, the bank.

**THE STRONGER SEX:** Cases worked in a New York mental science bureau have discovered that women are anything from 33 per cent to 126 per cent stronger in most respects than men. They are also 95 per cent less susceptible to worry, . . . and 55 per cent tougher when it comes to having trouble out or being accosted against danger. Experiments at the John Hopkins Medical School show that women are much more capable of doing accurately all sorts of mental work in a shorter space of time than men are. Moreover, they don't tend to be as sensitive about "people standing over them."

**GALEIC GIANT:** Wrestler Jim Cully, broken to his friends, relatives and fans as "The Clonmelton Gael," is a 240-stone-Tipperaryman. When not trying them on again, Cully wears a 21-inch collar and straps himself to a mat not more than yards of cloth. When he sleeps, he spreads his seven-foot-long frame across two double-beds and parks his 14-stone shoes underneath. He has a one-foot hand, span and a short measurement of 30 inches (normal). He is bigger than Cassius who was a mere 6 ft. 10 in. and still weighed 18 stone. But they'll tell that as hard.

**WEST-POCKET**—Smallest sovereign State in the world is Vatican City, with an area of 160 acres and a population of not much over 1,000. A poor second rank the Principality of Monaco, with an area of 170 acres and a population of about 10,000. Third is the Republic of San Marino, bordered by Italy, with an area of 24 square miles and a population approaching 15,000. A little larger is the Principality of Lichtenstein, situated between the Austrian Province of Vorarlberg and the Swiss Canton of St. Gallen and Graubünden, its area is 16 square miles and population 13,000. Largest west-pocket State is Andorra, high in the Pyrenees. One of the latest countries in the world, its area is 261 square miles, but its population is less than 4,000.



"You'll have to show me some more—Milly and I haven't even said 'hello' in months."



## ROLL 'EM OVER

OVER  
OVER  
OVER

If you're eager to roll 'em over, well, not in the snow . . . but in the salt sea spray at all events, here's Florida's latest invention for doing just that thing. The huge wheel is made of plastic, it is so flexible that it can be twisted into any shape to suit the player. Like the gang are unrolling the plastic outer covering to wrap it round the wheel. Then, see what they'll do to you, you see. The wild women'll really have something to say this time if we're any judges.



Of course, it's not all done by quickness of the hand, this water-mysing. You have to get your fingers through the rings in the wheel. . . . It gives her a grasp while her other assistants help her for a spin. "Doesn't she get dizzy?" . . . Well, no more than she makes us. And, just to demonstrate that she knows all the answers, she proceeds to float through the test by herself. Our orbs aren't popping, we're just trying to catch her eye to ask a question.





And then they go . . . Boy, we'll make part of that team any day even though we have to spend a few weeks on the Big Dipper being coast-guard afterwards. Let the Ice Berge have their share to themselves, we're starting a club for Free Whalers . . . who'd want to be a Holy Roller when you can get the same effect with pleasure and profit combined?

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#### THE RUMATICS . . .

Although infected teeth and tonsils are the most common cause of rheumatism, neither has been discovered. You may be eating too much starchy food. In many cases of chronic rheumatism, the large intestine shows changes in approximately two-thirds of the cases. This indicates that there was a lack of tone or drive to send waste-matters farther along the intestine and out of the body. In other words, the lower intestine (colon) had become lazy. By eating down on starchy foods (potatoes, sugar, bread and the rest), the waste at the bowd is removed in less time. It is these wastes that are a factor in causing and aggravating rheumatic symptoms.

#### TO BATHE OR . . . ?

Are hot baths hygienic or healthful? Spring into them, brother. A hot bath opens up the blood-vessels and draws the water from the congested joints or elsewhere. Waste are carried away by the increased circulation. After severe exercise or exertion, the hot bath removes waste products in half the usual time. The hot bath also relaxes the nerves and "quies" the individual. There is, however, one caution. Don't bathe too long; it results in a weak feeling.

#### HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE . . .

While there is no drug that will reduce high blood pressure permanently, quieting dreams can lower the pressure for the time being. The elastic walls of the blood-vessels are not kept "on the stretch" all the time. It has been proved that relaxation of the teeth, tongue, throat, gall-bladder and large intestine can raise blood-pressure and keep it raised until the infection is removed. Once the source of infection is suppressed, however, the blood pressure is lowered and remains at this lower level—sometimes for years.

#### DON'T ASK YOUR FRIENDS . . .

It's something which even your best friends won't tell you . . . but even at the risk of losing your acquaintance, here's the real low-down. In some nervous and emotional individuals, food remains too long in the stomach, so that before all the food of one meal passes through the stomach, they eat another meal. This second meal has to start at the beginning of digestion in the stomach delaying the first meal for a little longer. If these nervous individuals would lie down on their right side for ten minutes before they eat their second meal, the first one would flow or siphon out of the stomach. Then the stomach would be ready.

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## Why Fear a

# WASSERMAN TEST?

Tests for venereal diseases have their dangers; but it's always better to be sure than to narrow later.

THE belief is widespread among laymen and some physicians that a positive Wassermann test is a sure indicator of the presence of syphilis.

All of this would be fine but for one thing. It is not based on facts. The positive reaction is not a specific evidence of syphilis. The tragedy of it is that many doctors regard

the Wassermann reaction as an infallible test for syphilis, and the positive reaction as a diagnosis of syphilis.

This fact, however, does not negate the great value of the test. In 1903, in Berlin, Professors Hoffman and Schaudin discovered the germ which causes syphilis—a thin, spiral-shaped

organism which is known as the spirillum, pallidum, meaning pale spiral.

The identification of this germ through the microscope was an epochal event in medical history, for it enabled us to see the germ in the early, active stages of the disease. Then, five years later, Professor August Wassermann came along with his blood test. He based it on the biological principle that syphilitic blood will give a reaction to certain chemical reagents and thus give us a clue to "hidden syphilis," a condition which reveals no active symptoms. Normal, healthy blood does not give the reaction that syphilitic blood does. When a serum reaction is seen in the test tube, the result is set down as "positive" or "4 plus." When there is no visible reaction it is "negative."

We first had for the first time two new methods of diagnosing syphilis—the spirillum, in the early stages, and the Wassermann auto-reaction, after the disease has subsided and entered the blood stream.

Therefore, for nearly 40 years, a positive reaction to the Wassermann test has been accepted as an evidence of syphilis somewhere in the body.

The usual procedure is for the doctor to send a sample of blood to a laboratory where skilled technicians make the test. The laboratory merely reports whether the blood is "positive Wassermann" or "negative." It's the doctor who makes the diagnosis of syphilis. While he may be correct in the vast majority of cases, there are many exceptional cases in which the report is erroneous and therefore may be responsible for a great injustice and needless suffering. In other words, the test may show a strongly positive reaction in a person who has not and never had

syphilis. In brief, a "false positive."

Many doctors are not aware of the fact that some 12 or more different factors may be responsible for a false positive reaction. Among these are mumps, influenza, tropical diseases and various upper respiratory infections. Veterans who have served in tropical or malarial areas and have been infected by the malarial parasite at those areas, often show a positive Wassermann without ever having had syphilis.

This point is well illustrated by an actual case history: John B., an ex-serviceman, applied for a job in an industrial plant, and as a routine procedure, a specimen of his blood was taken for a Wassermann test. When he returned the next day for the report, he was told the company could not employ him because he had syphilis. The young lady at the personnel desk showed him the report—"4 plus." Amused because he never had had the disease, he rushed to his family physician, who had treated him since he had been a baby. The old doctor studied the report for a few minutes. "Who told you you had syphilis?" he asked. "The lady at the desk told me my blood was 4 plus," John replied, and then added, "and that meant syphilis, she said." "Did the Army doctor treat you for syphilis when you were in service?" the doctor asked. "No," said John, "but they treated me for malaria, which I picked up somewhere in the Pacific." "All right, John," said the doctor, "don't you worry about that report. I'll get in touch with the plant doctor and I'm sure you'll get the job."

On the following day, at the plant office, the young lady at the personnel desk was apologetic, and the plant doctor learned something from that old family doctor which he should have known. John not only

get his job but was afraid the anguish of believing he had syphilis and also the trouble and expense of two or more years of treatment for a disease he did not have.

About a year ago, two U.S. Army doctors working on this problem made a most interesting series of experiments. In one of the U.S. prisons, 50 inmates volunteered to act as guinea-pigs for the experiment. They were monthly examined and some of them showed any evidence of having or ever having had syphilis. Wassermann tests were repeatedly negative. There could be no doubt of their freedom from syphilis. The doctors then inoculated them with material by the route of infected mosquitoes. Thereafter, every 4 weeks, the blood of these prisoners was repeatedly tested to a total of 40,000 tests.

What did the tests show? Fifty-seven per cent. of the 89 men infected with malarial developed a positive Wassermann reaction in one or more of these tests. This certainly proved that persons infected with malaria are economically show a positive Wassermann though they were not infected with syphilis. The same is true of other infectious diseases.

One can readily see the importance of the knowledge. Thousands upon thousands of men and women throughout the world have been progressed applying with all the social stigma that the world implies and forced to undergo long and monotonous treatment, often on the basis of a sick Wisconsin test with a like positive reaction.

The lesson that all lawyers and policy planners still have to learn is that there's such a thing as a false positive and that one cannot depend solely on one laboratory report showing a positive reaction.

Not only is the text itself useful to

often, but the technician who made the test and their clerk may furnish an erroneous report through a clerical error. Some years ago I had a painful experience of this in one of my venereal clinics. Like other clinics, we made a routine Wassermann test on every new patient. On a certain day, two new patients were admitted—one with an unmistakable case of syphilis, the other with an equally unmistakable case of gonorrhea, which does not react to the Wassermann test. Specimens of blood from both patients were sent to the clinic laboratory for the customary test.

To my surprise, when the reports came back the next day, the generous patient was reported "idiotic" or strongly positive and the syphilitic one was reported "borderline." Realizing that there was an error somewhere, we discovered that a clerk had thoughtlessly made a transposition of the reactions on the report made. How often such a human error occurs, as one can say, but it certainly can happen often enough to make us feel that the Wassermann test, as usually reported, is liable to err in one form or another.

Every person who finds it necessary to submit to a blood test should insist that more than one test be made at the same time and in different laboratories. It is not likely that several laboratories will make the identical error on the same specimen of blood. He should refuse to subject himself to the risk of being declared syphilitic through a false positive reaction or a clerical error.

By the same token, the diagnosis of syphilis should not be made by a physician on the basis of a single positive Wassermann report. If, for any reason, only a single test can be made, it should be corroborated by clinical evidence or history of the

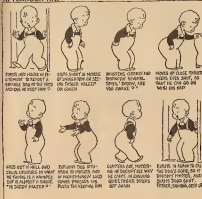
However, looking at diagnostic tests for  
anxiety.

Dr. John H. Sticks, probably the greatest living authority on apoplexy, writes: "I have probably come to conclude that the single positive Whomansian test that is unaccounted for by any other detectable evidence of the disease, either in the form of other positives or numerous repetitions or of further classical or serological evidence of the disease on complete examination, is likely to be a false or non-specific reaction."

What has been said here is in direct contrast from the great value of the Wassermann test. It is intended, however, to emphasize the fact that a single test is liable to error and that several tests should be made simultaneously in different laboratories, before the result can be accepted as definite. With this thought in mind, the Wassermann test could be considered the most important and useful diagnostic test that has ever been devised for the detection of this insidious and killing disease.

## ATTENTION

**Dr. CLYDE WILLIAMS**



# dream of Murder

DAN HUKAY



Because a man dreamed, another man hung in a noose; but was it really the right dream that was dreamed?

**H**ERE—at the beginning—was the story of Benjamin Colt, who lived out of Millfield, N.J.W., in 1936, and died of a number of nose blows the night of November 13, that year.

Ben Colt, in the newspaper terms of the last, was "a man of warm temper, at those known to drink hard, being very excitable when under the influence of liquor."

Drunk, Ben was apt to roam hell. Sober, he hunted a small scrooge

with the help of a man and wife named Johnson and a boy named Murphy, all of whom lived at the Seaweston with him.

His best friend for some years, apart from his dog, had been next door neighbor Will Hayes, who shared with him no small doubts for rum and red wine.

And on that dread night in November, too, failed, as it often did, to quench Ben's thirst.

"Going over to Will Hayes?" he said the Johnsons. "I might get back about nine."

He called his dog and went off in the dark, and that was the last they saw of him alive. Will Hayes and a man and wife named Stanton who lived with him were all seated out on the bit of veranda when Ben arrived.

The Stanton's shared one drink with the two farmers and then, like good servants, lit a candle and went off to bed. Ben and Will settled down to drink and pass away the night.

Voices in argument woke Stanton. He felt that he had been sleeping for hours, and the loudness of the voices in the other room confirmed this idea. At first the conversation was indistinct, but as it grew more heated, Stanton was able to hear quite well. "I lent you nine pounds in August," he heard Ben Colt growl at Will Hayes. "And I'll have it down you, or know why."

"In three," Will said, calmer. "Have another drink now."

Questioned later in court, Stanton said he had fallen to sleep again at this interesting point, and that statement alone made his evidence seem dubious to jurors.

But he explained that such passages of words were not a bit unusual when Ben Colt was drinking. The two farmers had never come to anything like blows over these, however.

When the Stanton's rose before dawn next morning the kitchen was tidy and Will Hayes was moving in his room. He behaved in a normal manner at breakfast—normal for a man who had poured into the rum bag the night before—and afterwards took a shower and went over to work on a drain that separated a cleared field from a bush-covered slope, within sight of the house.

Meanwhile, at Colt's harvest the

Johnson and young Murphy had begun to search for their missing employer.

Johnson and Murphy went over to the Hayes place, where Stanton referred them to Will, then at work on the drainage channel. And they stood by while Hayes denied having seen Ben Colt since he had left the house at ten o'clock the night before.

Worried now, Johnson sent young Murphy to inquire after his master in one direction, while he questioned neighbors on the other side of the farm. No one had seen Ben Colt, and news of their search reached the ears of the local police officer, Constable Hadwell, who organized a search party to examine the farms of the creek and probe the deepest pools—unsuccessfully.

And then a remarkable man named James Anthony appeared on the scene to present Constable Hadwell with his first clue—one that few police officers would accept to-day. James Anthony had dreamed a dream.

In the dream, he told Hadwell, he had seen a man carry someone in his arms to the ditch that ran around Hayes' field, drop him there, and cover him with bark and leaves. Hadwell rode into Millfield in the late afternoon, told his story, and eventually convinced the Chief Constable that there was more than an even chance of finding the missing man below ground on the Hayes farm. He rode back armed with authority to search the location.

The constable was a demon for duty and punishment. He had decided to take no chance that Hayes might in the night remove the body to another resting place and so make a fool of him. So on the night of November 13 a small group of men, including Johnson, carried lanterns through the bush to the edge of Hayes' field.

They followed the drainage channel until they found the place where Hayes had killed it in the distance of about ten feet. The channel began to dip. And there was Benjamin Cotti.

Will Hayes, when he is in the lamp and opened the door in answer to the constable's knocking, seemed generally surprised.

When Constable Hedwell had summoned and his wife up with Hayes and began to question them, he found the employees willing enough to talk, although apt to contradict themselves. Hayes had less to say.

He repeated what he had just told Johnson—that he had parted on good terms with Ben Cotti at ten o'clock on the night of November 22 and had not seen him since.

Asked why he had begun to fill in the drain, he told Hedwell, "It needed it."

The constable took Hayes and the body of Benjamin Cotti to the lock-up that night.

Along with Hayes, the constable took an axe he had found on the wood-pile outside the house. There were dark brown stains on the blade and head, and two grey hairs adhering.

A Dr. Scott examined the remains of Benjamin Cotti on his next morning's session, and later accompanied Constable Hedwell and his prisoner to Keweenaw, where the inquest opened on December 12.

"William Hayes was yesterday committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of one Benjamin Cotti," a newspaper of the day noted briefly at the end of the hearing.

Evidence at the trial of Will Hayes was more than somewhat circumstantial.

Constable Hedwell told his story and exhibited the axe he had found at Hayes' home.

Dr. Scott disposed that on anatomy.

Now he had found that the axe blade fitted exactly a fracture in the lower portion of the left parietal bone of the deceased's skull.

The blade showed certain stains, the doctor said, but these might as well have been rust as blood. He was unable to tell.

On the axe handle was a spot that could be identified as blood, although not necessarily human blood.

On the axe blade he had found a single white hair, adhering with some earth, which corresponded with white hairs on the dead man's skull—but he could not positively state whether it was a human hair or not.

In the face Hayes repeated his story but varied his reason for filling in the drainage channel.

That time he said he had found it blocked with bark and leaves and decided, as the same thing had happened often before, that it was more trouble than advantage to his land.

After 22 minutes in retirement the jury brought in a majority verdict against Will Hayes, one man dissenting.

As one newspaper summed it up—"There were few collateral circumstances of much importance. The water mains enveloped in some degree of mystery still, which the evidence does not appear to unravel."

Certainly no jury today would convict a man on such slender evidence.

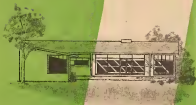
Hayes and Cotti had been the best of friends for a number of years. They might on this occasion have come to blows over the money debt. But there was no evidence of this.

Other men than Hayes' might have killed Cotti. The doctor could not be certain that axes on the axe connected it with the murder. Or prove that Hayes had wielded it.

But William Hayes was hanged for the crime.







## THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 2)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

When a building lot that is wider than the usual 50 feet is available, take advantage of this additional width if you wish to obtain the best effect.

As a general rule, a much better plan and a more interesting house can be developed on an extended frontage.

The accompanying plan is for a house facing south. The "L" shaped front porch encloses a quiet terrace which forms a sun trap.

The dining quarters of the house are in one wing and the sleeping

quarters in the other. The living-dining room opens onto the terrace and also into the sun plan. The bathroom serves direct into the dining room. The larger bedroom enjoys a separate shower and toilet recess, while the two smaller bedrooms share a bathroom. Each bedroom has a built-in wardrobe, whilst a coat cupboard and a linen cupboard are located in the hall.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 70 feet, and the overall area is 2,050 square feet.



# L-shape with south aspect

# spitfires of the sea

CERRIC E. MENTILAY

"The signal, five masts" was the great signal of the Vespers.



FOR six years I've wanted to tell this story under this heading. When first I edited it, my version of that night's happenings in the North-ern Adriatic made headlines in Rome, London and America, but only about 25 per cent. of it got past the naval censors' blockade. In February, 1955, German Intelligence was not supposed to know that our lightest, fastest motor torpedo boats were using radar to find and kill by night the toughest of Hitler's straggling convoys.

When I joined the Vesper flotilla

at Ancona I was solemnly warned by four high headquarters. It appeared that a certain naval prize officer had spread this story throughout the Allied world in highly-colored prose, so that in every naval bar they were likely to be greeted with "Whooosh the Spitfire boys—with water-wings!"

"Just one little flowery phony and you finish up on the bottom of the Adriatic with a patent anchor round your neck!" they warned. "Spit-fires of the Sea—Ha!"

Well, I'm six years and half a world

away from Jerry and Goebbels and The Duke—and the Tannen rolls in between me and Ted Leeson—so maybe I can risk it. That moral prize-man was right. He was a quiet bloke, not usually given to hyperbole.

"Spitfires of the Sea" was his metaphor, and it's good enough for me! The Vesper MTH was less than 120 ft. of plywood, powered by three Fordard-built Mustangs which kept her along at nearly 50 knots fully loaded. In anything like a gun she worked with the freedom of a second-hand teakoe on its way over Niagara Falls—but she paid her way. She carried an Owlson cannon forward, two heavy machine guns in a barbetta amidships, and a couple of little Vickers K's abaft.

Ted Leeson's craft varied from the others because she mounted seven Oerlikons instead of the machine guns. Her two tubes each contained a 25 lb. Whitford acoustic torpedo. For armor she had a little box of three-eighths-inch plate around the wheel.

I put in a week with the Vespers before anything serious happened. Three boats would go out at one time, usually led by Jerry, the R.N. type. He had seniority over the two R.N.V.R. blokes, Goebbels and The Duke, and they hunted their warty stripes over those of Ted Leeson, who was merely R.N.E.N.V.R.

The Duke was a small, dark, black-headed fellow with a shocking Fordard accent and an unpronounceable French name. His subboat was hairy and ginger-haired, and they made a pitiful team. Most of the others were clean-shaven and pudgy. Jerry, but the discipline was of the free-and-easy, slide-together type.

The start of what proved to be the big show caught MTH 404 tied up at her berth in the lee of the overhauled Italian cruiser "Giulio Cesare" with a

bad starboard motor. After hours of sweating and cursing they had the Marlin running over slowly enough—but even so they had to watch the other three boats move out without them.

Then Jerry's voice raised over the intercom. "Come out, Kike, if you and Goebbels returning with engine trouble!"

In five seconds we were out and sliding in reverse.

As night closed down the three Vespers were homing along in a tight Vee formation over the glazy sea.

"Looks like a show to-night, sir," said the Cox, checking his tin hat and lifejacket. "Jerry we ain't got any of those for you, Bill, better not lose them if we blow—you flash quicker than wit!"

I grinned, but my mouth was rather dry. This was the Cox's style. Come from Liverpool, I believe—a family of underdogs.

At last we lay beam to beam and cut our engines, watching the shore lights blink out. Other radar eyes were combing the night. On the green exposure of our own radar screen the turning beam slashed the approaches to Venice.

"Start up and follow me," said Jerry quietly.

A broad hull, almost motionless, and every gun was at his post. The only other voice I heard was that of the Duke, chanting a hunting song. As I spotted the sub, where the radar was, I opened a last glance for the green glowing circle. In the 100 right-hand corner were five tiny white dots, in exact line. Just five little dots, to send 26 men screaming to their posts at Owlsons, torpedoes and engine controls—every corner!

I made the wheelhouse just in time, and grinned maliciously at the Cox. He was a bulky figure on his tin hat

A New Australian wanted to run a restaurant such as had never existed before. He advertised: "Cafeteria Served From Jaws Afloat In The World." His first customer was a bunch of world-beaters. "Oh," she giggled blithely. "I'll have a . . . Um, an elephant outfit." The entrepreneur of Vietnam registered her with a place of stern respect. "Madam," he informed her coolly, "for one outfit we cannot eat up one whole elephant."

and Mike West, but inside him Ted Louman had drowned both. He was twiddling with the torpedo agit, a large two-and-a-half-inch steel rod sticking into the cockpit console.

"Kind of like a coffin in 'ere, isn't it, ar?" murmured the man, shifting his chewing gum.

We were just astern of Jerry's MIB 407, with The Duke's best breathing down our necks. The regular navy swim was in command now, and even to an amateur his approach was beautiful. Meticulous details of change of course and estimated speed of the enemy, he led us slowly in towards them, until the opposing lines of vessels were running parallel and about a thousand yards apart, straight for the mouth of the main Yankee channel.

We were travelling at about 15 knots to the enemy's 30. Obviously he could not see us, for he altered neither course nor speed. We dove ahead of the German line, and then turned right about again. The forward turn had decreased the distance

between us and the extended course of the convoy to about 400 yards. At that moment Jerry signalled us to stop engines, then to put our helms hard over on a left-hand turn. As their speed slackened, the lean boxes of the Vespers began to float around as they swung from line ahead to line abeam—the wicked Whiteheads turned on darkness.

Jerry's voice was almost conversational over the muted speaker. "Ready, Duke? Ready, Mike? Fire when your sights are on!"

Suddenly they were there, big, black and frighteningly plain. Ted was bent over the agit, his hands on the torpedo release toggle. Off to starboard I heard a clattering sound as one of Jerry's fish went away.

"Both!" roared Ted, and jerked both toggles. The Vesper seemed to shudder and bounce. The tubes spoke together with something between a thudding and whooshing sound.

Then there was nothing again to the sounds saved by, as every one of us wondered whether the enemy had heard the firing, had spotted the dull glow of telltale flames from that port tube.

We knew that the quarry were Fish-fighters, heavily-armed landing craft something in size between our LCT and LST, each carrying Motors, Grubbers, B's, and high-velocity naval guns enough to blow us to matchwood with one broadside. And here we were, engines stopped, here still swimming through for the get-away—waiting for it!

Through all this eternity of time three shapes were visible, with others coming up astern. Then, miraculously, there were paper trees among them—tall, spreading, black-brown columns, one with flame at its heart. The explosives came knocking in on through the water before the dull boom of the explosion arrived.

When that happened we were making for our lives, motioning out and lower climbing high on to the steps. The moonlight was very bright now, and from somewhere on the starboard side of what had been the convoy the report was running round to get a crack at us. The monstrous crack of an 18 inch gun burst out of the sky to port. Something was in a high arc between The Duke's boat and ours.

I saw something that Jerry had known was there all the time—the real reason for his careful manoeuvring. Ahead of us the moonlight was, blurred on a rolling logboat. The three Vespers slammed into it with howling motors, and everybody breathed again. We put our engines. The quick flight to cover had cancelled our identity and position, and with the possibility of more torpedo work and even heavy ships lurking behind the fog screen no German vessel would follow us.

We got there and worked the recovery. The Explosives blazed out of the misty darkness, and the group of white dots on the radar screen dwindled. We saw two disappear from sight under the turret beam. A third divided into two, and a fourth changed its shape to a thin line as it rolled over. When the beam came round again there was nothing left—not even wreckage.

How many died in that harbor? I don't know. There wouldn't have been less than five hundred, there would have been more than five thousand, depending on whether the German Navy was running numbers on troops into France to holding the same Somo Line. The point is that nothing did arrive, and that not one of our boats was hit. That made it a perfect operation.

Three other things I remember about that night. One was when

Speaks, floating round the radio that got on to the Dolphin frequency, and a cool English voice, very like Jerry's, said, "Check your compass. You can miss all your guns? Right, we'll run in again and fix those boats!" The one grinned at me and said, "You want to try them now time, or—pull me some real stuff?"

Then there was the signal Jerry made to headquarters as we departed south for Australia. It was the perfect naval signal, the sort of thing Molau would have sent if he had been able to command an MTB half-battalion. With suitably long understatements, it said "Five nights—five sink!"

As we came in past the Arizona headquarters last before dawn, The Duke roared the port with us placing a bunch of naval regulations as we checked a NOIC. He had spent the homeward run registering a record pleasure to his last harbor. Now he dressed ship ceremoniously and stood with his gun laid up on deck, wearing his fighting rig of pink hunting jacket and battered topknot while "Type ten John Paul" thundered from the mainmast.

The story I wrote got away from me a bit. I told of the action "at the gates of Venice," described The Duke's boat as "trotting back like a spring cat" when her torpedoes went, and mentioned three fantastic "paper trees." When I visited Arizona a week later Ted and Jerry and The Duke met me sadly.

"I told you we should have dropped him overboard!" said The Duke to Jerry.

They led me down to the basin. Another pension had been at work, and each boat carried an advertisement on the side of her wheelhouse. The Duke had a spelling out, Ted a new row of poplars, and Jerry had refitted for a streamlined pair of rubber slippers.



\* In case you hadn't guessed it, Women has Seven Ages: (1) the infant; (2) the little girl; (3) the maid; (4) the Young woman; (5) the young Woman; (6) the Young Woman; (7) the YOUNG WOMAN. \* Which reminds us that our distinguished guest magnet is complaining that lipstick is a Woman's protest, "because he put most of it back." \* Skeleton in The Finally Captioned Section: Relatives are informed again. \* For the Education of Our Weather Experts: A notice over a Hydrosphere barometer reads: "Don't hit me; I'm doing my best!" \* And then, of course, there was the tourist who remarked that he liked the climate of Sydney; you didn't get any brand of weather-just samples. \* International Footnote: Seniors read the jubilee of an act to end a wavy three days, that weapon is used to start one. \* National Source Spotlight: A Politician is a man who, when he sees the writing on the wall, starts to criticize the formation of the letters. \* Social Settings: Darning is the art of pulling your feet away faster than your partner can step on them. \* A mention coming of 2 weeks which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return to work and 2 broke and 2. \* Traffic Topics: We recently met a taxi-driver who was screaming that he got only one tip in three days—and that was misplaced for the LHM at Randwick. \* A French motor-cyclist has succeeded in riding his machine to a tight-rope—the last refuge for pedestrians has now vanished, eh? \* Financial Flickers: Bankers is getting badly hot-brokers claim it's the high end of low living. \* Read Reminders: Bill is a substance from which dusters and dry-cleaners make a living. \* News Story of the Month: In Detroit, Michigan (U.S.) Romeo Saint Love was charged with hushing his wife, Juliette. \* Domestic Department: When a man tells you he and his wife never quarrel, he's either lying or there's something terribly wrong with his marriage.

\* \* \*

**DON'T IT WORK, THEN?** (1) Put down the number of your legs; (2) double it; (3) add 5; (4) multiply by 50; (5) add your age; (6) add 365; (7) subtract 68. (You will find the number of your horse in front of your age) — Like to bet?

70 CAVALCADE June 1951

# DEATH IN DISGUISE

A FLASH CAIN  
ADVENTURE  
SCRIPT BY  
RAY HEATH  
DRAWN BY  
PHIL BELBIN



"AN EARLY CALL FROM IN-  
STRUCTIVE VISITING DOCTOR  
SEES FLASH CAIN OUT OF  
BED TO HEAR A STORY..."



"GO THIS FELLOW  
SWATHSOME COMES IN AND  
SAYS: 'TALK TO MY WIFE  
LAST NIGHT—SHE'D  
ABOUT A FORTNIGHT AGO'."





AND YOU CAN'T TRACE HER AT ALL, CAN YOU DO YOU SUGGEST MURDER?



BECAUSE WE FOUND SOME OF HER THINGS ON THE CLIP-TOE...



...NOT DRAWING, BUT A DRAWING BOARD AND SOME SKETCHES WHICH ARE UNDOUBTEDLY HER THINGS LOST BY HER



WHEN THE OFFICE BOSS TOLD THEM TO SEE THESE AND NO CORRELATION BETWEEN THEM AND BROWN'S LAST DRAWING WERE A MAJOR-PAINTED SIGNATURE WAS THE ONLY CLUE



SURELY SHE -- I WONDER IF THAT'S ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WOMAN WHO DROVE AWAY?



AND GUESS ENOUGH GRAY-BUS IDENTIFIED THEM AS DRAWINGS BY HER WIFE A BOB PERSONAL ARTIST.



AND YOU TAKE THEM AS MURDER CLUES?

YES, WE'VE SUSPECTED OTHERWISE...



WHY TELL ME?

BECAUSE OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHO TOLD ME TO...



WE WERE JUST DISAPPOINTED WE CAN'T WE WERE UNHAPPY TALKED OF ENOUGH... AND I HAD A VERY NERVOUS GUY I DIDN'T TALK HER



HER DRAWINGS WERE FOUND AT THE SUIT CASE -- IT SEEMS SHE WENT OVER THE POLICE THAT YOU PLANNED HER AND THEN LEFT THE DRAWINGS FOR A MAJOR AGENT TO SUGGEST CLUES



BUT THEY HAVEN'T FOUND HER BODY, HER COLORED... I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU



HER BODY, NO... BUT SOME OF HER CLOTHES HAVE BEEN WASHED AWAY DOWN THE DRAIN

HOW DO THEY KNOW THEY WERE HER CLOTHES? I HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED TO IDENTIFY THEM...



NO NEED, OLD BOY. THEY HAD LINES MADE ON THEM.

SHE NEVER MENTIONED NEW CLOTHES!



I MADE THE DRESSER FOR DRESSER HER. SHE SHOULD SMELL THEM. SHE DESIGNED THEM HERSELF.



YES, THAT'S THE DRESS. MADE BLUE. BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN HER LABEL HER GOODS BEFORE.....



FLASH BACK, KNOWING A MAN HAD KILLED OR MURDERED BELIEF THAT THE TRAIL TO MURDER BEGINS IN A LITTLE SHOP SPRING BUT - WAS ONLY A DRESS TO GO ON.



FURTIVELY VISITING THE DISAPPEARED WOMAN'S FLAT, CAN SEARCHER...



AND FINES THE DESIGN FOR THE DRESS, TOWN



CAME AND DESIGN COULD BE IDENTIFIED IN THE DRAWING AND ON THE DRESS LABEL. BECAUSE THEY ARE THE SAME.....



WHAT FURTHER WE KNOW THE ONLY DRESS DESIGN IN HER STUDIO IS THE ONE YOU FOUND IN THE ROOM. AND IT IS THE ONLY DRESS LABELED WITH HER NAME....



THE HE WENT TO POINT TO MURDER BUT BEEN OVERLOOKED.



IT ONLY BEGINS TO SEE A MAN AND TO THE BODY OF HER MURDERER TO LOCATE HE WANTED TO BE OF HER.



BELLA, PLEASE - I WANT YOU TO BE YOUR OFFICE. I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO MAN.



DELLA STRANFISH, EMPLOYED BY ABE KESSELHOFF, CLOTH-PAINTER, HANDS HER THE INFORMATION HE ASKED FOR - A COLLUSION OF SOME SORT BETWEEN KESSELHOFF AND ANOTHER MAN, DESIGNATED AS SPECIAL CLARENCE.



CAN ABE'S DELLA TO GO BEHIND THE PRISONERS TO SEE IF SHE CAN LOCATE ANY OF THE VALUABLES...

SAY THEY ARE YOUNG AND YOUR SISTER RANCHED THEM.



WHAT COME ON? THE GIRL SISTER WAS HERE THIS MORNING? AND DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO BUY THEM BACK.



THAT'S RIGHT SHE SENT ME TO GET THEM. WE'VE LOST THE TICKET, BUT...



DELLA WOULD DO ANY-THING FOR "LARRY OWEN".



CAN FOLLOWS ALONG...



NOW TELL ME WHAT THE WOMAN WERE LIKE - AND KEEP THE JEWELLERY IN THE MEANTIME.



I FOUND THEM DELLA TWO YEARS AGO. THE SAME JEWELLERY IN THE SAME CASE WAS TOO BIG FOR ME GOT IMPATIENT AND TALKED.



DELLA PAYS HARRY VISIT.



SO BOLT CAN...



DO SHE RANCHED THE JEWELLERY SO WHAT? SHE RANCHED IT ON THE NINETEENTH AND DIS-APPEARED ABOUT THAT TIME.



SHE DISAPPEARED ON THE SEVENTEENTH. SHE PUT HER NAME UPON HER SIGNATURE ON THE DRAW-ING, AS MOST ARTISTS DO.



"I WOULD HAVE BEEN MADE TO LOOK LIKE MARRIED. I LEFT THE DRESSING, THEN, AND WENT TO THE CLOSET AND TOOK THE DRESS."



"SHE LABELLED THE DRESS SO THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MISTAKE. SHE WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT HER DRESSMAID COULD FIND IT."



"I'LL PUT MY MIND ON IT, AND RESOLVE THE MATTER."



"I STILL DON'T GET IT....."



"SHE HAD A RIGHT TO KNOW THE TRUTH. SHE HAD TO GET HER MIND SET ON THE MATTER. SHE HAD TO GET HER MIND SET ON THE MATTER. SHE HAD TO GET HER MIND SET ON THE MATTER."



"SHE TOLD ME HERSELF THAT SHE HAD TO GET HER MIND SET ON THE MATTER. SHE HAD TO GET HER MIND SET ON THE MATTER. SHE HAD TO GET HER MIND SET ON THE MATTER."



## ONLY THE ELDEST SON COULD MARRY!

The Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar practiced the strange custom of "Menogamy."

All married, then highly civilized Nambutiri Brahmins, who were known as "Menogamists," had only one son. While the rules of the custom were simple, they were not always followed. In some cases, the eldest son was not the only son, and the father was not the only father. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

The custom, and, of first sight, the most curious feature of Menogamy, was that the father was not the only father. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

For instance, the Nambutiri Brahmins of Malabar, who were known as "Menogamists," had only one son. While the rules of the custom were simple, they were not always followed. In some cases, the eldest son was not the only son, and the father was not the only father. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

The son, as a young man, is naturally anxious to have a wife. But he, in turn, can only get his "share" of the inheritance. For this reason, the father is not the only father, and the son is not the only son.

dependable sons often have several wives. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

What about the younger sons? They, too, have a share. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

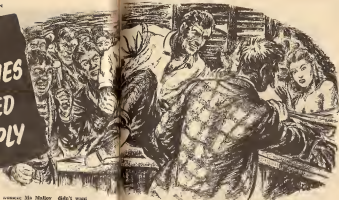
Behind this rigid, hideous aspect of Menogamy lies its deep, hidden, and profound meaning. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

Life Assurance is a unique form of saving plus security, and it is the only way to protect your family. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

Life Assurance is a unique form of saving plus security, and it is the only way to protect your family. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son. In some cases, the father was not the only father, and the son was not the only son.

(LIFE)





They were soon hungry for answers. Mr. Malloy didn't want to see the business she had built up drifting but . . .

"At a pretty watch to serve it up to the greg."

Bury though she was, Ma Midley kept an ear cocked for tip-room gossip. It was a barometer for her business welfare. She did not miss Sam Yelden's remark as the posted man for Red Charley, and she saw Sam's wink, too. It was a hint; she doubled Cheeky's tip, and the wretched old beg grinned in pleasure. Ma purred her lips. She had a nose for trouble like a dog for blood. Waller Plains, the small village of the

head of navigation up the Hunter River from Newcastle, was growing fast; it was not big enough for two churches yet.

"And he's starting' one in that place he built out of what he robbed me of, ranner' me farm," she snarled. "He can't have any cash left, though."

That conclusion robbed Yelden of much of his danger, but it did not discourage Cliff Ferner. Ferner had money, and he was in it, perhaps more than the big ex-coriator. Sam had brute force and little brains; Fer-

ner was shrewd and cunning. A little rant, drink and slang, he was; had he been a beg, he would have been a gump, and Ma could think of nothing lower that walked, crawled, flew, or swam.

She stared thoughtfully at Red Charley, and he edged his empty glass forward hopefully. She topped the bottle, and he gave a toothless grin at the sight of the rum.

Tim squatted in barman's cage and was vaulting the counter to grip Yelden.

"Find out what Ferner and Yelden are up to," she told him quietly.

On the following morning a wretched plaid with corn from Monday's plantation pulled in at the landing stage to unload to an empty bar. As usual during the past four years, Tim Goughlin was driving. He was 38, and Ma had watched him develop into a lean, upstanding man, with packed muscles and a healthy tan.

Probably the oldest people in the world—the Molian Indians of north-west Vancouver—have been rusty lately. For the past 300 years, they have awarded practically every foreigner who tried to enter their country. Yet few of them have ever been awarded in retribution, for they had their passages into Japanese trouble land and there stay there with poisoned arrows. Even U.S. patrol-wards are guarded with barbed-wire.

during her long years as a convict. Most of her customers were bread cheats or ticket-at-leave men, and she, herself had been twice transported. She liked Tim, so, when the work was finished and the convict refreshed himself in her parlour, she asked permission, as was her custom, to serve an urn to the cheaters—at her expense, of course.

She smiled decisively as she drew a liberal measure of rum. The change was for herself; she had no time for amusements, she told herself as she took parallels out to the wagon in which the convicts sat, patient but parched after their toil.

"How yer, Mrs. Malley?" the three older men chorused.

"Tim thanks' yer, Ma," Coghlin offered, and there was just a touch of pride in his voice that day. "An' I'll be buyin' a glass in yer tap-room before the week's out."

Her face was wreathed with pleasure. "Yer fer gittin' your ticket-at-leave, Tim?"

"Aye, most any day now." Excite-

ment danced in his brown eyes. "An' Ma, the girls could' not to marry me soon's I get it. She'll be at me now, like as not."

"Then it's workin' hard an' workin' yer money to get enough to wed her, ye'll be, Timothy Coghlin," she retorted gruffly. "Ye'll not be wantin' it as my old hanger."

After the wagon had pulled away, she stared across the flat to the farm by the creek where work proceeded in a desultory fashion. The old land she employed did not seem their land. They had no initiative or ambition, and Fether's only initiative had been for himself. She wondered if Coghlin could make it pay, but she dismissed the idea with a snort.

"Feth!" she berated herself. "Ye sell it an' let the good for nothin' leaders feed for themselves."

Charley brought disturbing news from his forage among the village gnomes. Supplies at Tynes for the new hotel were arriving the next day. Word of the opening circulated through the settlement and trickled upstream. Cook and serving wenches were the least, with grog in the minor key.

"They's four bawson houses, four tin, minnows has landed on a ship in Sydney Town," Charley told her. He looked proudly at his empty glass, but she lowered the hand "Fether's minnow is bringin' 'em up in the best town, Newcastle in-morrow."

A new thrum with four girls arriving it was a bleak outlook for Ma Malley, for the girls spelled ruin to her business. Fether's venture would be well established before she could hope to attract girls to compete with Ma. And what hope had she as that unwatered, young colony, even if she could get to Sydney Town when a ship with immigrants arrived? She was worried and thoughtful for most of the evening.

Ma did not hold with serving wenches in her shanty. But that she was concerned with the morality of it, she told herself and her customers, if they asked, but they brought smoke and lights, and that took some of her best profits from her; they went back to the road gang—perhaps to the hanger's room. Then, if you did not get a girl, she was off getting wedded next day. Ma pondered as it thought had been avoided, then she poured a double measure for Charley and whispered to him.

Babies mid-wintering the village method with excitement. By mid-day, when Fether's liquor arrived, every unattached male within five miles had gathered at Ma Malley's shanty near the landing stage to drink while awaiting the arrival of the boat from Newcastle.

"Four girls looking for husbands coming on the boat!"

Such was the startling announcement that Ted Charley had launched on the river of rumour. It swept on the murmur like a deluge on the crest of an incoming tide. From 20 miles up at Patrick's Plains, the rippling of it brought a free soldier, freed men, and ticket-at-leaves, landed in their best clothes, hurrying to the landing stage to bid for one of the girls.

Ma watched as the labored surveying sticks to a crowded house. She had made her gamble, but she had no chance of success. Not much she have had! She, herself, had seen prospects made and accepted before a ship tied up in Sydney Cove, and she had seen those same couples married within an hour of the bride's landing. It was a commonplace of a whole young community, predominantly male. Ma smiled grimly; Fether would be lucky if he had even one servant wench for his grand opening that night.

"They are comin'!"

A shout from the landing stage provoked a thunderous echo from the packed shanty. Abandoning glasses, full, half-full and near-empty, the men rushed for the rear bank, until one hundred males stared tensely down the waterway, eyes focussed on the big boat following upstream with swift currents at the oars.

"There's no women aboard!"

A groan that welled to a throaty rumble of anger greeted the cry, but it abated almost immediately to excited shouts.

"Yer there at two! Three of 'em, I count!"

The crowd swayed as men jockeyed for advantageous points close to the landing. Pushing, buffeting, elbowing for place, the mob surged towards the final point. Tempers were frayed by waiting and excitement; this flow to the slightest provocation, and the first of heavy boots driven home followed, while half a dozen savage fights passed unnoted on the fringe of the landing mob. The hulls failed to a husky silence as the boat drew nearer.

That was what they had been waiting for . . . this is what had set them leaning suddenly at night. They eyed one another furtively down the corners of their eyes . . . like a pack of hungry dogs, wary at their fellows and determined that no one should rob them of an offered prize. There was a hungry look—like that of a famished, predatory lion—about their jaws as they stared. A sudden stir ran through their ranks.

A groan, almost of despair, welled from the throat of the waiting mob, when it was seen that of the three women in the boat, two were wives of local settlers who were waiting to meet them. It left one prize only for one hundred competitors.

For weeks a familiar concert witness, had watched a bad violinist playing in the street below. As the man bowed out his wretched notes, tourists scattered noise. One day the concert violinist could hear it no longer. He went down and played brilliantly . . . for the sake of five pence. Scoldered, he buttonholed the other musician next afternoon. "Simple," was the reply. "You've also got to be an S.P. book-maker."

She sat a little apart from the others, but she was young and slender, though with a small, pinched face. She stared at the packed banding with frightened eyes and dripped her hands with hands that trembled. Here was no known lane to help with the clearing, but competition was too keen to wait on those with critical eyes.

"What's mine! Take me, mummy, I got it good!"

"I got it, two crowns as' four pips!" Her voice came back, soft but straining with fear. "But the two spoken."

"He can't have. Take me, I got—" A surge from the mob behind pushed the speaker, and a dance with him, into the water. Some assembled others, but others diving to the pavement, pressing their claims until a corporal beat them off with the flat of his bayonet and the boat edged to the stage.

The best guard provided a clearing at the edge of the stage, but before they could step up, the crowd parted

from the rear to the determined advance of Lieutenant Peterson, of the local military detachment, and a dozen redcoats. They quickly cleared the stage to allow the best party to disembark.

"Now, miss, who is to meet you?" Peterson asked.

He had disposed of the two blond women and turned his attention to the girl. She was staring in bewilderment at the sea of faces. They were the faces of men, all silent, but some pleading, some cajoling, some demanding, others fiercely boring, but none was the face she sought. Her teeth bit her underlip as she struggled to suppress her tears. Finner pushed forward.

"She's one of the girls I'm expecting, Lieutenant."

Peterson looked to the girl for confirmation, but she was staring at Finner with something like consternation in her eyes. Suspicion stirred in Peterson; the girl should have been travelling with the other three in charge of Miss Finner.

In the front row of the crowd, peering between two of the soldiers, Red Charley whooped suddenly with excitement. He turned and, springing like a bundle through dense throng, warmed a way through the press, then he set off at a shambling run for Malley's party.

"You say she's bonded to you, Mr. Finner?" Peterson asked.

"Yes, here's the bonding paper," Finner produced a document, opening it for inspection. "There you are, Martha Brown."

"Good, I can't let Sally Smithers." Terror had at last given the girl tongue, and her words came with a rush. "He comes on the ship, but I wouldn't sign. I came out here to see."

"Merry me, mummy! Merry me!" A chorus of shouts drowned out her

last words, and Peterson held up a hand for silence. He was in an awkward predicament, he knew the trouble that would follow with an unsatisfied girl at loose in the village.

"Unless you can pick out one of these men to marry, I'll have to send you back on the boat, miss," he said sternly, but the look of dismay on her face prompted alternatives. "You could stay if you bonded yourself as a servant, or if some women will undertake to look after you."

"I'll do that sure, Lieutenant."

Mr. Malley, seeing how ample squadders and shanty plans to good effect, hurried a way into the circle of the redcoats. She took his twisted into a desperate snarl at Finner, but he held his course, for he knew that he had outplayed his hand with Peterson. The lieutenant hailed Miss advent with relief.

"You go along with Mrs. Malley, miss; she'll look after you."

"Mr. Malley?" Sally's voice was a heartful whisper. She gripped her bundle in nervous hands and pressed close to the shanty keeper, as if seeking strength and protection. The crowd seemed to give them passage, and Mr. Malley led her towards the mill, and Mr. Malley to her husband, smiling and unexpectantly. Let Finner have his good evening night; Mr. Malley had the only serving woman in Wallis Plains.

"Nice enough for them as likes 'em shanty," Mr. Malley said. She had left the girl in her own room to rest, while she had returned to the bar to satisfy the demands of the clamoring men. "But a port enough little baggage, I'll warrant, when she's short waded."

Not until the dark time between day and night trade did Mr. Malley lose the identity of her acquisition; the bubble of her hopes collapsed, and the disappointment made her silent. Who was Thomas Coghlin

that she should consider him, now? Why did it have to be Tom's girl?

"What's paps' yer here to New-castle to be wadded?" she demanded crossly. "An' yer had and wadded tell that day, good for nothing! I'll give her talent an' earn wages to keep ye!"

"I'll work to keep both of us." Mr. Malley opened a tanned bill until it showed a flash of tongue and spirit. She looked angry, but she was still depressed. She started Tom Coghlin, but she could not bring herself to see her girl in her bar.

"I'm not needing any help," she snapped tartly.

"I'll find work somewhere," Sally retorted, but her voice was shaky. "That was that once to the ship! Take me!"

"What! An' have it be said Mr. Malley turned an innocent girl out to her ruin?" She felt she had been tricked; she stared at Sally angrily. "I'll have to keep ye till the next boat, I s'pose, but ye'll stay right in this room."

Despite the knowledge that some free drink would flow at Finner's expense, the man thought the strength situation was at Mr. Malley's shanty that night. There called and shouted for the girl until Mr. Malley's persistent refusal to allow Sally to serve scared them. They were in an ugly mood, and Mr. Malley, hidden by the counter, gripped the handle of her beer-storing mallet for compensation, when Red Charley came to his rescue.

"Let's go to Finner's. Free drinks at Finner's!"

Reaction to his call was immediate. Calling about at Mr. Malley's, the mob tramped out to hurry to the new shanty, but they found Finner in a stifling humor. Having allowed two free drinks to each man he demanded payment for any more. The men felt that they had

The first "Tin Horse" in England was introduced at Manchester, in 1876. Invented by a Mr. Gentry, it was the skin of a horse stuffed and attached to a wire in an open tube. It was dragged along the ground by men working a hidden track at such a speed that the horses were unable to catch up with it. The idea, however, did not take on. Only after 53 years was another track started west again at Manchester.

they were hangover-on and onerous at Yeldin.

"We might as well close up, if we don't get these girls," Yeldin said sourly. "Why didn't they come?"

"They might come next best," Fanner said with a pear above at confidence. His eyes grew thoughtful, those glinted with cunning. "If we can keep the mob away from Malloy's all they come, we'll get all the trade in no time."

"A good fight 'ud wreck that place for a long time," Sam suggested hopefully.

"To put you in for a third state, instead of only a quarter, if that happened soon enough, Sam."

"Now 'ud be soon enough. Come on, rustle!" Yeldin said, and, with six men following him, he left the new hotel.

"It come be the best, Ma. I'm on ticket a' leave!"

As Yeldin and his men received their drinks from Sally, Tim Caplin appeared at the door of the shanty. He pushed through the crowd without a glance to the far end of the bar. His face was flushed, and his eyes bright with excitement as he took the drink Ma pushed towards him. He raised the glass to his lips as the girl appeared.

Caplin stiffened. There was beer in that corner, and he saw the girl for the first time. She was striking back, and a man's hairy arm stretched across the counter, the hand grasping her blouse at the neck. He jerked savagely at it, and the cloth ripped; Sam Yeldin was staring a brawl.

Tim's spirit was of better sort. He walked to the counter, the only way that he could get a clear run to beat himself at Yeldin, but as his feet hit the board, Ma Malloy's mallet crashed down. Tim dropped to the counter. He groined and rolled

to the floor at the foot of the shanty steps.

Ma's eyes swung back once more, and the mallet flew through air. It cracked with a dull thud on Yeldin's forehead. Sam cursed and, releasing his grip on the girl, looked out with hands and feet at the stir of angry men making him.

Seven sidewalk men, fighting shoulder to shoulder, made a formidable core of defense, but the mob was fighting mad. Yeldin's gang were around, bawling back with deadly, grim savagery, for they realized that they had unleashed a force that they would control.

"Through the back door! Run for it!"

Yeldin gave the order in a gutting whisper, and his gang jumped for the retreat. Sam's foot, back-kicking viciously, felled a man hard on his heels. He leaped through to the darkness, glancing the door to gain every inch of ground.

"To Fanner! We'll get 'em at Fanner's!"

Red Charley screamed the rally, and the pack of carmen, shouting men peated out into the night; they were hoards of vengeance with their noses to the wind, in the sudden silence that followed their exodus. Tim Caplin recovered consciousness. With his head cradled on his lap, the girl looked up at Ma Malloy; her eyes were hateful and challenging.

"Tim never done nothing. Why did you hit him with the mallet?"

Ma's thick lips curled sourly as she retorted, "I'd 'a had you on me hands for years, if he'd hit Yeldin. For lookin' his toke of leave, he'd 'a bin in a chain gang to-morrow."

"Tim—I'm sorry, Ma." Sally's voice was gone, but Ma Malloy did not seem to hear her; she was staring out of the side window.

"Hush!" He granted. "What happened to those girls Fanner signed up on the ship?"

"They given 'em with the ship," Sally told her. "They ran away and got married to some fellows they made up to when the ship berthed."

"Well, he won't get them, an' I don't want 'em," Ma said gruffly. She opened her lid and dropped 20 coppers into the girl's lap. "That's the quickest way to get rid of you. I'll take you both to Bowdoin. Don't come back till you're wedded proper, proper and all."

"Crying, Ma?" Caplin's eyes bulged with astonishment. "You'll get it all back, if I get to kill myself workin'."

"I will," the shanty keeper retorted grimly. "You're going to run that creek turn for me, an' you'll run it proper. Sam!"

"I'll help, too, Ma," the girl offered eagerly. "I'll help you up here every night."

Ma glared at her, her fat lips jutting out indignantly. "Serving washed Red! Nothing but a pack of trouble!"

"Yeah, a pack of trouble!" Red Charley echoed it, as he limped into the bar, but Ma Malloy was staring out of the window, her eyes reflecting the passing configurations that was surrounding Fanner's new shanty.

"You didn't start that fire, did you, Charley?" she asked glacially.

"No, Ma, I ain't a fire!" His eyes were godless until they revolved to a bottle of rum standing on the bar. "There's only one thing'll warm my old bones, Ma."

"Arrrr!" Take it! Ma Malloy snarled as she pushed the bottle towards him. "I want be pettin' old! I'm pettin' soft in the head. Servin' washed Red! What one sent me to night! Red!"

With a camera for a weapon, they ventured into the kingdom of the jungle where a Snake was God.

WALT SHELDOH • FICTION



## the gaboon viper

PURVISON KERRY and Boardman Bannercloth were brought together in Snakeville by a wise and generous Providence. Each had a bit of what the other had not, and this was particularly true in the matter of money.

Purvison Kerry was the one who had no funds. A series of bad breaks had brought it about. Aside from his last ivory haul, The Fly, giving him some savings—slipping between his last gun-swinging trip.

So when Boardman Bannercloth was ready to take his hunting trip no

other golden were immediately available. Bannercloth had been immediate, since he had made up his mind. And why not?—he could pay to leave it that way. He invited Kerry to dinner on the nearest veranda of the Hotel de la Republique.

"I don't know how long I want to be gone in the bush," said Bannercloth, who had now been in Africa just long enough to make the term "bush." "Until I get tired of it, I guess."

"Any particular kind of game you're after?" Kerry asked.

Bannercloth hesitated back, and the waiter chair creaked. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds. It might have been said that there wasn't an ounce of flesh on him—it was all fat. He had baby eyes, baby lips, baby cheeks. He'd inherited his money. He said, "Oh, the usual stuff. Elephants. Lions. Buffalo. I want to take as many feet of this as possible. I'll show you how to operate the camera. They're serious wilderness, you won't have any trouble."

Kerry smiled. "Well, we'll do as well as any place as the southern Larrea country. We can beat it down there and then branch off into the Kibuma Forest. As long as you don't care where we go, I might as well take advantage of it. I'd like to visit a tribe I've heard about for a long time, but never seen. The Anashti." He smiled, and now wrinkles appeared in his lean face. "I have two reasons for wanting to find them."

"Two reasons?" asked Bannercloth.

"Yes. First, I'm particularly interested in all tribal customs and I want to witness a rather odd ceremony the Anashti are supposed to have. Second, no white man has ever touched them before, and to get to them won't at all hurt my reputation as a guide."

Bannercloth shrugged. "It's up to you. All I want to do is a little shooting, and get some pictures of the action."

Kerry began to sense the trouble as the expedition got under way. They started south of the lake. While Kerry was loading the flat-bottomed river boat, juggling all the cramped space to make it come out even, several porters showed up with four cases of steamed toilet soap. Kerry laughed, supposed someone had made a mistake, and stayed half a day. Then, when Bannercloth found out

that his four cases of toilet soap—steamed—weren't aboard, he turned and spluttered. What the devil was he supposed to wash with? He went to the boat, took a bucket bath and asked for twenty-four hours.

By that time they were well on their way, pushing against the sluggish, brown current, and already in scattered jungle. Kerry noticed that Bannercloth washed his hands about every hour. Whenever he put a drink from Ofaka, the lunch-bucket mess-boy, he stood at the glass suspiciously and wiped it off again before drinking. After using his hand-knives then, he would put it away to be hand-dried.

In Bannercloth's very cleanliness, Kerry sensed something unclean. He couldn't explain to himself too clearly just what he did sense. He shrugged it off.

Their first game was a herd of hippo which Kerry sighted among a bed of beds at a bend, flat turn of the river. They were downriver, and Kerry maneuvered the boat to within shooting distance, then handed Bannercloth the Marlin-Henry repeater loaded, ready to shoot. Bannercloth raised alarm.

"Good grief!" said Bannercloth. He stared at the two plump porters port of aim, and the washes of water flowing back from the bulky push of the animal. He pulled suddenly—it was almost a scream—and then in a panic tried to rush to the other side of the boat and escape. Two of the porters grabbed him. Kerry, meanwhile, picked up the Marlin-Henry, aimed, fired, and sent a heavy calibre slug into the beast. It kept charging, but fortunately missed the boat.

Kerry turned then to look at Bannercloth. The fat playboy's eyes shone with panic. He was thrashing and

struggling in the grips of the two blacks he was yelling, "Get your filthy hands off me! Kinky — do something! Get those filthy apes off me!"

Karey spoke steadily to them in his lower Cornish, and they released Bannockhill.

Bennettall turned slowly to face the harbor. He held his infantile lips tight for a moment, and then in a low, cold voice he said, "I can't stand their dirty hands on me. I can't stand anymore drive."

There was not much harmony between the two men after that. I seemed as though they had been born hostile to each other. I've heard with doctors explain that in every man there is the spirit of a certain animal, and sometimes natural enemies just come together. My own be something to that.

Well, Bernershall, after the incident of the hippo, became increasingly nasty with the porters. Finally, one man lay, bare chest of it. He was usually kindest. If there was the slightest squeak on the working trip Bernershall would ring and swear at the black. Tries to strike him, although Kany usually managed to stop that in time. Then at night when the twelve porters gathered at the bar of the hotel to sing Bernershall would often make them stop because he didn't like the songs. The porters had been brought along from elsewhere because it was uncertain just what help would be available when they got to the Kibuna Forest. They played back at Bernershall dumbly, and they muttered among themselves.

Karey didn't like this at all. He was taking the partners into a slumland, to them, Jewish country; he would need them in a co-operative mood.

They finally reached the ICN member

Forest some weeks later. They left the boat and set off into the jungle. Karry kept the blacks going by jokes, oratory, and a kind of personal magnetism.

But in spite of Kasey's efforts something did happen. It was just one of those chance encounters.

It happened in deep jungle. They were well into it, now thick, green jungle which was mostly hot and dark.

They followed a faint game trail most of the way choked with foliage and the porters hacked the way with bush-knives. Late the day it happened they still hadn't found a clearing, so, in a relatively thin spot, some of the porters began to hack one. Eventually set on a fallen log, strapped his horse, pointed, and lighted a pipe. Other blacks began to sit up the trail and start a cooking fire.

Karp, meanwhile, busied himself by jotting in his notebook. This needed to be done.

Should contact Almiral soon. Definitely make country have new aerial species today; see much in a line. Don't think Banerjee noticed it. Don't think he'll be happy when he knows why I want to visit the Almiral. Anxious to find out if Almiral was policeman or non-policeman varies in their company — if, indeed, the reports of their company are true.

There was suddenly a scream of error.

Kerry brought his head up. Bannertell's tent had already been pitched and Bannertell apparently had stepped into it. Right now he was stepping out of it. Backwards, as it were, in a hurry. His eyes were as big as clock dials and he was pointing with a fat, trembling finger. His cheeks were green. "In there!" he cried.

**Canary** lowered toward the top of

the same time, carrying his shaver from his holster. Hanevial apparently hadn't even thought to draw his own pistol. Karry looked back. There was a snarl in there. It was thick-bodied, sand-colored, and had bright, oblong markings along the back, and thin, triangular markings on the side. It was perhaps four feet long—it was in a half crouch now, waving its head about in a bowl-shaped way, and winking its forked tongue in and out regularly. It had a

Kerry eased quickly for an instant, then pulled the trigger. The big slug smashed the reptile's head. It thrashed about, dying.

"Great gods, that was close!" Bernhardt cried. "Was—was it poison—?"

"Yes," said Kary. "I'm afraid it was. Quite dangerous. Some have recovered from its bite, but not many. It's a Cuban viper—related to the rhino snake, but marked differently. They like this sort of deep forest."

Barnes didn't even answer. He pressed his lips together and then he wheeled about, toward the porters who were gaping at all this. His eyes landed on Chas, the mean boy.

Barneshill shot a finger of blame.  
"You helped get by the test. You  
allowed it to happen."

**Citizens' Movement**

Barnett then made a loud noise that was somewhere between a roar and a scream, rushed downward, swept up a bush knife, and swung mightily at O'Grady. O'Grady barely managed to dodge the blow. His eyes were green, white rings—Kerry glimpsed his nostrils flash then just before his white face and ran for the tangh.

Barnesall leapt after him, swung the back-knife open, and made his victim screaming sound—

"Barnyard!" Kasey shouted. "She  
said, 'Barn, Barn, Barn!'"

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Bannercloth didn't seem to hear him. Kerry rushed across the clearing, came up behind the fat man just as he was about to swing, grabbed his upturned arm, and then twisted until the knife fell.

Bannercloth whirled and there was fire in his eyes. He swung his fat fist at Kerry.

It was a wild and clumsy swing, but there was weight, and even more power behind it—it might have done damage had it struck. Kerry stopped under it easily and at the same time used a short hand blow — one that travelled a little more than eight inches—in the exact corner of Bannercloth's jaw.

Bannercloth's eyes glazed over and he rocked a bit before he fell flat on his face.

In the days that followed neither spoke of the incident again, but the silence between the two men was like the space between a gnarled thumb and a hollow-ground race wheel. And Kerry was kept in maddening uncertainty trying to watch Bannercloth to see that the man didn't shoot him in the back, and trying to keep the peace from bursting at the same time.

Sometimes, Kerry kept everybody pushing on.

Four days later they met the Akimbi.

It came about very simply, the party entered into a swampy clearing, and there, on the other side of it, stood at least half a dozen slender warriors in skins and plumes. They seemed to be waiting for them. Everybody stopped.

Bannercloth gasped and went white. "It's all right," Kerry said, keeping his eyes on the warriors. "They'd have ambushed us if they meant harm. They don't want to kill us. At least, not right at the moment."

"I—I shouldn't have allowed it!"

muttered Bannercloth. "We shouldn't have come here."

"Sh!" said Kerry sharply. He named and spoke to the persons. Most of them were standing in half-dozen clusters, looking at the tall man. Then Kerry said to Bannercloth, "Wait here. Don't move, don't look worried. Cover me, and if they start an attack, stay where you are and shoot back. You don't stand a chance running through the jungle."

Bannercloth nodded. Kerry stepped forward and started across the swampy clearing.

The tall warriors watched him anxiously. Even their eyes didn't move. They were all exceptionally built; they reminded Kerry somewhat of the Men of the White Nile, the stark men. Their muscles seemed hard, black leather straps on their bodies. There was one who stood forward and a little apart from the others, and who seemed to be the leader. He was dressed a bit more regally. He wore a breast-plate, copper bracelets, and about his hand a wide, webbed hand lace which played very much.

Kerry halted several paces from the warrior, lifted his hand, and said in broken dialect "I come in peace."

The tall warrior readily understood. He repeated the word, "Peace."

A tension had been broken, and the others stirred and muttered among themselves.

Now Kerry spoke very slowly and helped his words along with gestures. "We come. Bring presents. We will talk. We will talk. After three days, we will go in peace."

The warrior seemed to understand that. His voice was rather deep and strident, and he answered just as haltingly in the same dialect, or at least an understandable version of it. "I am M'Tinkwa, chief of Akimbi. I take presents. I give presents. We



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CANALDADE June 1951 99

A country journalist, once-  
scape by the best (or some-  
thing) of a local race-meeting,  
savored his readers: "As the  
horses neared the post, the  
crowd were so on their feet  
that the women in the grand-  
stand stretched their necks,  
and nobody looked at them;  
two men were run over and  
nobody picked them up; two  
other women fainted, and two  
men belted over them."

will talk. You come with me to the village."

Karey smiled, and N'Tinkano walked back, showing long, strong, yellowish teeth.

The party was led another several miles into the jungle—Bennershall grumbling fruitfully all the while—and then they came to the Atanki village. It was rather large for a forest land; Karey estimated more fifty or sixty thatched houses.

Karey grinned, and then suddenly he grew faded as they came to the main clearing, and he saw what was waiting for them ahead.

Apparently the whole village had turned out to meet the strangers. Women, mostly with infants, and children and smaller children lined both sides of the clearing. At the head of the clearing was an orchestra of a kind of xylophone, some long round flutes whose ends touched the ground, and several snarled drums. Before the orchestra sat a heron, covered with leopard skin, and before this drum there was a stretched

snake affair, perhaps the skin of a python, its corner snakes driven into the ground. Through the stretch Karey could see the slowly writhing forms of perhaps a score of snakes.

He heard a half-choked gasp beside him and he knew that Bennershall had seen, too.

The tall chief, N'Tinkano, now took his place at the leopard skin heron where there was an involved occupation ceremony. When there was an important person Karey called forth the porters who bore the trade boxes, Bennershall hadn't wanted to bother with these supplies of cloth, beads, wine, murrain—but Karey had insisted.

He made the presents and the Atanki were pleased.

Alas, the orchestra began to play. There was a curious, broken rhythm in the drums and xylophone, and the wall of the flutes curled around and over it like a serpent on a bush. The lines of watchers began to chant softly. They began to shuffle their feet.

N'Tinkano sat on his throne with his palms on his knees, his eyes slightly lifted, and his head cocked to one side. As though waiting for something.

Bennershall objected and Karey whispered sharply: "For the love of Nike—he still!"

The drums kept beating. Presently, the chanting rose in volume and pitch. The dancers formed a file and began to move around the clearing in a sinuous pattern.

"If their snake dance!" Karey muttered excitedly to Bennershall. "But we don't show any the ceremony. Not without showing them first. Letting them get used to the idea. Damn—why couldn't they have waited?"

Bennershall said, "Why would we have to show them first?"

"Too dangerous otherwise," said

Karey. "They might turn on us at the first sight of anything unusual. You can't afford to startle them."

The drums throbbed more loudly.

Alas, N'Tinkano rose from his leopard skin throne. He held up his hand. There was a sudden and awful silence. The line of dancers stopped. The music stopped. All of the Atanki turned and regarded their chief with wide, expectant eyes. He walked slowly forward toward the stretched snake in the middle of the clearing. He walked with stiff, unnatural steps. The drums began to beat softly again.

N'Tinkano opened a thatched door on the cage. The drums quickened, crescendoed; the watchers began chanting again. Slowly, slowly, N'Tinkano reached inside, into that tangle of snakes. Karey glanced at Bennershall. Bennershall's jaws hung, and his puffy cheeks seemed suddenly to deflate themselves. Karey looked back at the cage again. N'Tinkano carefully drew out a thick-headed snake, and held him on outstretched palms. The bright pattern of its scales rippled, showing a scolding light. It was a Gaboon viper. The drums went into a panning beat, and N'Tinkano looked away from the cage, and then someone else ran up and closed the door and hid the thing again.

N'Tinkano turned. He looked up from the snake. The reptile lay inert except for its head and neck which were back and forth slowly and appeared to keep time with the chanting and the drums. He deliberate forked twice flicked nervously.

N'Tinkano looked directly at Bennershall, and then walked toward him.

Bennershall took a backward step. "No—don't bring that thing here!" he said.

"Bennershall!" Karey's whisper was low, but attention. "Whatever you

do, don't move! Don't let an eyelid if you ever controlled yourself in your life, do it now! Just—just hang on all he finished!"

Bennershall stood where he was and stared, and his eyes widened a little more with each step that N'Tinkano took toward him. N'Tinkano still held the snake forward. He moved slowly and unerringly.

And Bennershall tried. That snake must be used for him—he tried. He pressed his lips together and twenty times of color went out of his face, and he walked and trembled.

N'Tinkano came to within two paces. He stopped. He thrust the snake forward at Bennershall and grunted something which was obviously the equivalent of "Here—take it!"

"Go on!" whispered Karey. "Faster, get it!"

Bennershall was still trying. He lifted his left arm. He got them to the level of his waist. He held them there, working his plump fingers in and out. A pitiful cry sounded through his compressed lips.

"Take it!" said Karey in an open-  
ended whisper.

Then Bennershall suddenly screamed. All the terror of his thirty childhood soul was in that scream. It was loud, and it was sudden, and it startled N'Tinkano. The chief dropped the snake. The snake lay there, writhing only its head this way and that in bewildered fashion. Bennershall looked away. With quick, jerky movements—too quick for Karey to mistake—he yanked his pistol from its holster, pointed it, and fired one shot after another into the snake.

A great, crooked howl rose from the Atanki, and they closed in on the two white men and on the twelve porters.

They trussed everybody, of course.



They trusted Karry and Bennerhall and Offuda the men-boy and the rest. They slung each man by his hands and feet, to a long pole; they strong the poles and their burdens like so many hams along two parallel raised drying racks at the opposite end of the village.

All through it, Bennerhall wailed and looked and screamed. "It's all your fault, Karry! Now you've done it! Damn you, damn you, damn you!" screamed Bennerhall the Third.

Karry thought. He thought hard and fast. And he got an idea.

It was some time before he could catch N'Tinkwa's attention. He finally did so by shouting the chief's name during a short lull in the excitement. The chief came over to him and glared at his supine face.

This time Karry spoke more slowly and carefully than ever. "N'Tinkwa, hear. I am a great witch doctor and magician. Set me free a little and I will show you how to make a man be bitten by a snake, and still not die."

N'Tinkwa pretended not to understand at first. He even started to walk away. Then Karry spoke his name again in that quiet, commanding way of his. He used every drop of personal magnetism he had, perhaps. At any rate, N'Tinkwa turned, looked again, and was frowning and considering the matter.

It took a great deal of persuasion. Perhaps ten minutes of it. But N'Tinkwa finally desisted his frown—to show that all of this was very much against his better judgment—and ordered Karry (temporarily) freed. He accompanied to the rest what Karry had promised to do. Here a man bitten by a snake, and miraculously save him from death. The men interrupted all of them very near. They formed a circle, and Karry stood

in the middle of it rubbing the excruciation back into his wrists and ankles, and they waited for him to do his stuff.

He was finally ready. He made a good show of it. He took his time and he turned first in a slow circle and looked at all of them. Next he pointed to the snake cage. They looked. He swung his arm slowly, and now he pointed to Bennerhall, whom he hung.

Bennerhall had been watching all of this in a stupefied way. He'd understood none of Karry's words to the chief. But he seemed to suspect the meaning of Karry's gestures. "Karry? What are you doing? What are you trying to do?"

Karry didn't answer him. He pointed again to the snake cage and said in dialect "Bring a snake!"

N'Tinkwa repeated the order to the Atamba tangas. Two swarthy men to obey. They were apparently specialists at the business of handling reptiles; they didn't do it haphazardly as N'Tinkwa had during the ceremony, but used linked sticks and a sling. They picked out another Gaboon viper, and brought it back, bell-circled.

In dramatic, hollow tones, Karry said, "First—snake!"

The Atambi watched and waited. Over the squealing, protesting playboy, Karry made a series of mysterious waves and passes, and all the while muttered incantations. Suddenly, he turned to the two snake-handlers and beckoned. They came forward. He pointed to Bennerhall's fet leg, just above the knee, where the tresser leg had fallen and the fishy flesh was exposed.

Bennerhall howled "Karry—you can't do this! You're an infamous fiend!"

Karry made a gesture of command. The snake-handlers stepped forward

and lifted the slithering, thick-bodied viper to Bennerhall's leg. Bennerhall this time screamed until it seemed that he would tear the lining from his throat.

They put the viper's head to the flesh. The angry, frightened thing struck and sunk his fangs deeply—

Bennerhall flinched once with the burning pain of the venom, and then he passed out cold.

Karry kept up his elaborate gestures and his mantras-judas. The Atambi pressed forward, staring. A man bitten by a Gaboon viper died in a very short time; they wouldn't have been so weak.

Five minutes passed and Bennerhall didn't die. He opened his eyes, as a matter of fact, gave another pained moan, and promptly fainted again.

Ten minutes passed.

Bennerhall was a sickly grey-green color. He had become conscious again, and he writhed and groined with pain. His leg was blue and swollen where the viper had bitten. His eyes were dull, and his jaw was slack and half-paralyzed.

But he didn't die.

Next fell, and the Atambi lighted fires and tapers and Bennerhall

groined all through the night, and Karry stood over him and muttered and gestured, and—

Bennerhall didn't die.

Somehow Karry, though dead tired, stayed on his feet. Kari gesturing, kept watching. He had to do that to hold their attention. By morning Bennerhall slept. His pain was slow and his face was calm and his breathing was so faint that it was almost unnoticeable.

But he wasn't dead.

And finally, in the middle of the morning, when N'Tinkwa came quietly to Karry's side and handed him a swampy chicken for a present, Karry knew he had won.

He was glad he had remembered that story told to him by an old witch doctor. The old groins had claimed that no matter what the snake—boom-maker, spitting snake, milk snake, Gaboon viper—pits were quite immune to their bite, because a pig curries so much sorcery to it.

He had wondered whether a man with a lot of sorcery did might not also absorb the poison and survive.

Fortunately, Bennerhall himself had been very fat. Karry permitted himself a grin.

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# Talking Points

## HITTER BLOSSOMS . . .

Many plants of the jungle tend not a few of more civilized kinds that bear within themselves the better taste of death. But none is more deadly or more intricate than "The Flower of Vengeance" which Wayne D. Mote describes in this issue of CAVALCADE. The center of barbaric traditions, the cause of who-knows-how-many weird deaths, the flower is no flower of the imagination. It exists . . . and lives its mysterious life today. The story Mote has to tell is well substantiated . . . which is just one more example of truth's ability to make the greatest fiction seem true.

## SHAMANE TWINS . . .

All Australia recently followed the story of Shumone twins born in Tasmania. As it happened, these children were joined head to head and died without any possibility of being separated and living normal lives as ordinary humans beings. This month, CAVALCADE gives you an insight into the lives of other Shumone twins . . . how some have suffered and how others have managed to make a compromise with the world and have lived at least comparatively active and happy lives.

## THE WILD WILD-MAN . . .

Almost everybody has heard of "Wild Bill" Hickok, celebrated American of the American frontier

. . . and most of what they have heard has been entirely inaccurate. In "Wild Bill and Fate" (Page 28), Jack Herzing gives you the real Hickok and those who have read of him or have seen screen versions of his career are due for some surprises. Herzing has made a thorough study of his subject . . . and has proved to our satisfaction that Barrie's "Peter Pan" is not unique in portraying the "wildest" imagined man who ever took a ship or cut a throat."

## WASSERMANN . . .

In these days when the campaign against venereal disease is being more and more firmly pressed, the rights and wrongs of the Wassermann test are of vital importance. In "Why Fear A Wassermann Test" (Page 66), Dr. A. L. Wolstead discusses the subject from a medical stand-point and shows just what the test will . . . and will not . . . do. Dr. Wolstead has reached some new and interesting conclusions which are well-worth studying.

## SEA-SPIRITURES . . .

For an authentic story of courage and adventure in World War II and Coline Montplay's "Spies of the Sea" (Page 88). It is a fast-moving and action-filled story of the men who went out in the little ships. Montplay made this trip himself. He has photographs to prove it.



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